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THE FLOWER'S LESSON.

BY WM. MACKINTOSH.

Oh! fragrant flower, divinely sweet,
Your head in tears is bent, I see;
I cannot deem it just or meet
That you should so afflicted be.

But yet I dream you thus reply:
"Poor human vision, weak and near,
These tears the rarest bliss supply,
And bring not woe, but welcome cheer.

"For they are dew drops. I depend
On these and sunlight for my bloom:
When I, dew-freighted, humbly bend
I drink new vigor and perfume.

"For see the sunbeams kiss my face,
And gently dry each dewy tear;
They lend me new and added grace,
And my erst drooping head uprear."

Thus, flowret, may a soul-sweet drain
Affliction's cup, and bear its load;
The blind world deem its suff'rings vain,
While they are blessings sent by God.

The sun of Righteousness bestows
All-healing beams, and lifts its head;
Until it finds, like you, fair rose,
Tears bring not woe, but joy instead.

Fettered, Yet Free.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIKE UNTO A STAR," "BRUNA'S STORY," "A GIRL'S DESPAIR," "TWICE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.—(CONTINUED.)

FOR a moment longer she held him closely in her slender little arms; then her hold relaxed, and her arms fell away from him and sank heavy and inert at her sides; the pulsations of her heart grew slower and feebler as it throbbed against his own.

"You will let me take you in now?" he said tenderly; "you are tired and overwrought, and it is getting chilly out here. Besides, I promised Laura that I would take you in very soon, Cecil. She tells me that you have had nothing to eat all day. That will never do."

"You will be good to Laura," the girl whispered softly; "you will always be good to Laura, Hugh! She has been so good to me, and she would never have wronged you, dear. She always wanted me to tell you the truth. You will be good to her," she repeated wistfully; "you will not let them be unkind to her."

"Let whom, my dearest?" he asked her gently, wondering at her words.

"Your sisters and Miss Butler," she answered dreamily. "They may be angry with her for my sin, and she has suffered so much already for me, Hugh."

"My sisters would never utter a harsh word to, or feel an unkind thought of one who has behaved so unselfishly to you, my darling," he said softly. "As for Constance Butler—what she says or thinks is of very little importance to any of us!"

Cecil looked up, and had there been more light he might have seen the sudden gleam of hope which flashed into her eyes, then faded away again.

"Of very little importance," she repeated, in a surprised tone. "Yet she is your cousin, Hugh, and as your cousin she has the honor of your family at heart, and she is——"

"Cecil," Sir Hugh said suddenly, trying to look into her face by the fair, pale moonlight which was peeping through the trees, "has Constance been saying anything to you? But of course she has not! How foolish of me to ask you. You have been alone all day, Laura told me. Believe me sweetheart," he went on very tenderly, "no one has the honor of the Danecourts nearer their heart than I have, and yet I shall be proud as well as happy when I bring my darling home."

"Thank you, Hugh," she said softly, and turned her face against him for a few brief moments to stifle the cry of pain which rose to her white lips, and which had almost found voice, and to force back the bitter tears which filled her aching eyes.

There was no dull, vague sense of suffering upon her now, she was keenly alive to her anguish. Notwithstanding his tender words, his assurances, his loyalty, she was firm in her resolution to keep the promise she had given to his sister.

His entreaties had made her task harder perhaps, his love had intensified her anguish, but it had not stirred her from her purpose; she had told the sister who loved him, that he should be nothing to her, and she would keep her word.

As she stood with him there in semi-darkness, she knew that it was for the last time—she knew that never again would his hand close over hers, or his voice whisper words of tenderness and love in her ears; never again would she stand with his arms around her, heart to heart as now—it was for the last time!

She must cast herself adrift from him, she must go away and let him think of her as dead or faithless—she must put a world between them, if she could. Ah, if she could die thus, now in his arms, and end all her anguish, how good it would be! She was so faint, and weary, and worn, and she so longed for rest.

All day long she had lain prone and still upon the floor of her room, weeping over her lost hopes, until the fountain of her tears seemed dried, without having afforded her relief. It was so hard to give him up—with her own hands to cut the bonds which bound them together—with her own lips bid him leave her forever!

And he had made it harder, he had made it impossible, unless she let him go from her to-night in the belief that to-morrow they would meet again. That was the only plan which presented itself to her confused brain; she had deceived him once, she would deceive him again, once more for the last time—for the last time!

That, when he found her gone, he should deem her false, cruel and treacherous was unavoidable. He had told her so in words which there was no mistaking, that if she persisted in her determination of giving him up, he would believe that she had never loved him; and when she was far from him, he would think of her, not with compassion, but with contempt. But she could not help that—she must keep her word, even while doing so broke her own heart!

Ah! if Hugh Danecourt could have seen her heart at that moment, if he could have guessed its anguish and suffering, if he had guessed the desperate project she cherished there, he would have held her in his arms until she had sworn to give it up, and to stay with the man who loved her so dearly.

But he did not know; he could not read in the darkness the despair in the sweet eyes which looked up at him, and, even if he had, it might not have told him the truth.

"Come, my darling," he said fondly, "let me take you back to the house. I must not let you linger here any longer."

She released herself from his arms; she lifted her head from his shoulder with a long, long sigh.

"Come," she said softly, and they left the little wood and went slowly over the lawn towards the house together.

The moon was high in the blue heavens now, a fair crescent, gleaming silver bright Cecil looked upward with a sudden wistful glance.

"I am glad there is a moon," she said wistfully. "I do not like the darkness."

"There is not much darkness now," he answered smiling. "The day breaks so early; it is light at three o'clock."

"I am glad," she said vaguely, as they entered the pretty, fragrant, flower-scented hall, which was full of soft moonlight, and where all the pretty hanging lamps were burning with a subdued light.

"You are not going," Cecil said faintly, as he paused here. "Give me a few minutes more, Hugh."

"As many as your like, my dearest," he said tenderly. "I am only afraid of tiring you. You must go to bed as soon as possible and sleep all the long night through."

"And you said that the nights were short," she said as she pushed a door open on the right, and led the way into the little room where she had told him the story of her life.

The lamps were burning brightly here. On the little table was a vase before the photograph of Sir Hugh, and with its starry stephanotis blossoms gave out a faint, sweet odor. Hugh Danecourt never after saw that flower or inhaled its fragrance without a pang of anguish.

"I won't sit down," he said lightly. "I must not keep you up any longer, but until now I have not seen you. Let me look at you now."

She raised her pale face, reckless in her agony of what it betrayed. He looked at her in sorrowful tenderness; she was as white as the stephanotis flowers themselves; her face was haggard and worn; under the great sad eyes the circles which sleeplessness and fatigue had brought there were dark as bruises; the sweet pale lips drooped as if they would never smile again, and yet they strove to smile at him, as her eyes looked their last upon the beloved face bending over her.

"My darling, how ill and tired you look," he said sorrowfully. "I must not see so pale a face to-morrow, Cecil."

"No," she said softly; "you shall not see it, Hugh!"

"And—and," he was holding her in his arms now, "you will be true to me, Cecil?"

A sudden radiance lighted her face, giving it back almost all its former beauty.

"I will be true," she said, with pale lips, as her eyes looked up into his with a long, last passionate look. "I will be true!"

"Then, good night, my beloved," he said, holding her to his heart, while she clung to him with her trembling hands as if she could not let him go.

"You will think kindly of me," she whispered faintly. "If you think of me at all, let it be kindly, Hugh. Good night!"

She loosed her hands, but her eyes did not stir from his face; then, as he turned towards the door, she made a step towards him, holding out her arms with a yearning gesture, full of anguish. He smiled as he went back to her side, and took her to his heart again.

"Would it have been so easy to give me up?" he said jestingly, but she gave him no answer.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The short summer night was over, the dawn had come, the fair, bright dawn of the summer day, as Cecil softly opened her bed-room door and stole out on to the landing. As she did so the carved clock on the staircase struck three.

"He said that it would be light at three o'clock," she said to herself softly, as she stood in the pale, pure light of the dawn. "Annette never brings my tea until nine. I shall have six long hours start before they find that I am gone."

A profound stillness reigned in the Gate House, no sound came from behind Laura Gaith's closed doors, the pale light of the early morn was filling the landings, and staircase, and the hall below, as Cecil paused for a moment at her sister's door, she put her lips to the cold, insensible wood and murmured good-bye.

She was going away; the half-formed resolution of the preceding night was fully formed now, and she was going to carry it out.

Since Hugh would not give her up, since he would not give her back her promise, there was no way in which she could keep her promise to his sister, but by flight.

She would go away; his eyes should never again rest upon her face; and by-and-by—not yet, perhaps, but in the future—he would learn to forget that she had ever crossed his path, or he would only think of her with dislike and contempt.

It was a desperate purpose, and one that would scarcely have entered the mind of any but one half-crazed with anguish and long-continued suffering.

She had formed no plans; she did not know where she was going; only one thing was clear to her troubled mind—she must go away, and leave Hugh Danecourt free to be happy with some more fortunate woman whose love did not bring disgrace with it.

She crept softly down the stairs, her light foot falling noiselessly on the thick velvety carpets, into the hall.

The hall door, bolted and barred, was between her and freedom! She dared not unlock it, lest the sound should disturb any of the household. She softly opened the door of the little sitting-room where she and Hugh had parted a few hours earlier, and entering the room, closed the door behind her.

The French windows were unshuttered, and the room was full of the clear, pure light of the early day.

Cecil looked around it wistfully. She had known such intense happiness and such bitter misery within those chintz-hung walls.

Hugh's portrait, in its dainty frame, was on the table; the stephanotis, drooping a little now, in its vase before it, like flowers upon a shrine; the frank, smiling eyes seemed to meet hers with a tender regard as she looked at the photograph, and a sob broke from her lips.

She made a step towards it, then checked herself; she dared not take a likeness of Sir Hugh with her lest she should fall ill anywhere, and he was so well known that it might lead to her discovery; she turned her eyes away with a long, last, lingering look, and went to the window.

Here egress was easy. The little brass bolts fastening it were soon noiselessly withdrawn; she opened it and stepped out on to the verandah, and softly drew the glass doors close behind her.

The servants would think that they had omitted to fasten that window, she thought, as, with a sad little smile, she passed out into the freshness and sweetness of the summer dawn.

I wonder how many of us, in this artificial age, know how beautiful an early summer morning is—how sweet the birth of a new day can be!

At any other time Cecil would have been charmed with the pale, clear beauty of the sky, the lovely shading of the trees, the birds singing so brightly and sweetly, the flowers opening out to the sweet coming sunshine; but now none of these things touched her—her heart was full of grief, and anguish, and mourning.

She had put on a black dress which, though it was very simple, was yet a costly garment. Laura's love for her sister had taken a practical form, and she had laden her with costly and becoming attire such

as all women love.

She looked wan and white and haggard as the daylight fell upon her; and as she stood in the verandah for a moment, she lifted her hand to her eyes and covered them, shutting out the light as if it hurt her; then, with one whispered blessing on the sister who had been so true a friend to her, she walked quickly away out of the little wicket-gate in the privet hedge on the high road.

Opposite to her as she stood there for a moment, alone on the broad highway, the great gates leading into Danecourt Park frowned down upon her. They were closed, and it struck her with a strange, keen sense of pain that she had never seen them closed before.

The blinds in the lodge windows were all drawn down. Everything was very still; the flowers in the trim little gardens before either lodge were lifting their graceful dewy heads in welcome to the day.

Cecil crossed the road, and standing by the gates, rested her cheek against the cold iron and brass, feeling as if some cruel hand had closed them against her forever. For a few minutes she stood there thus, and then raised herself slowly from her leaning posture, and went her way down the high road, away from the village, away from the Hall, away from the Gate House.

She walked on fast, with strength born of her desperation; she, who a few days before had been fatigued with a mile's walk, walked now as if she were strong and possessed of great endurance. She dared not think of what she was leaving. One thought of Hugh's faithful love and tenderness, of the anguish he would feel at her flight, had turned her sick and faint. She dared not recall his love, his tenderness; he had been so good to her; and for his goodness she had only given him pain. She had wounded, injured him, perhaps darkened his life forever! That was the return she had made him for all his love and faith in her.

The thought was like a cruel hand which tore away the linen from a bandaged wound and set it bleeding afresh. Unconsciously, as she walked on with strange haste, she was weeping wildly; great salt tears were blistering her thin cheeks and blinding her eyes. Surely such anguish, such self-inflicted suffering, atoned in some measure for the deceit which had stained her life.

Ever and again as she went on swiftly, like one in fever, who feared pursuit, broken, agonized, hopeless prayers broke aloud from her lips; once a deadly faintness and weakness overcame her, and she sank upon the grass by the roadside, with her white face against its dewy freshness, for a few brief, blessed moments; she thought, nay, she hoped, that life was leaving her; then the faintness passed, she rose and once more passed onward.

The factitious strength given her by the fever of her mind, was beginning to fail her as she reached Carlingford, and the town was still asleep.

As she stood hesitating, she saw a big, red-brick building, just opposite to her, which she recognized as the railway station, and then, without pausing to think, she crossed the road and entered.

Early as it was, there were two or three travelers waiting, and a sleepy porter was just opening the booking office. Cecil drew her veil over her face, and with a desperate effort to steady her voice, she approached him.

"When is the next train to London?" she asked quietly.

"In five minutes," he answered rather morosely. "Leaves at six o'clock."

"Will you give me a ticket?"

"What class?"

"First," Cecil answered mechanically but as she saw the quick, suddenly-awkward look he gave her she regretted her answer. First-class passengers by this early parliamentary train were few and far between.

"There is an express at 7.40," he said. "Hadn't you better wait for that? It gets to London before this one."

"Thank you," Cecil said quietly. "I can't travel express. It makes me ill."

Her explanation was so quietly given that it dispelled his momentary suspicion; he gave her the ticket, and then distributed the third-class tickets for which the other travellers were clamoring and Cecil went out on to the platform; the train was waiting in the station.

Having performed the duties of the tardy booking clerk, the porter bethought himself of his own; he followed Cecil.

"Any luggage, ma'am?" he asked as he opened the carriage door.

"Only this bag, thank you," Cecil said quietly, and rather resentfully the man closed the door and turned away; while nerveless and utterly exhausted now that the immediate need for exertion was over, Cecil sank back on the cushions in a half swoon, half stupor of exhaustion.

Two minutes later the train glided slowly out of the station, just as the servants at the Gate House were preparing for the duties of the day, and Knolls, always the first down, had discovered, to his surprise and horror, that he had left one of the windows of Miss Cecil's sitting room unfastened on the previous night.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Geith had given orders that Cecil should not be disturbed, and that no one should enter her rooms until she rang, little guessing, in her anxiety that the girl should rest after the fatigue and excitement of the previous day, that she was facilitating her desperate flight.

She herself had risen somewhat earlier than her wont, and was dressed and sipping her chocolate in her dressing room, when Annette came in to announce that Sir Hugh Danecourt had come, anxious to receive some nouvelles from Mademoiselle Cecile.

Laura smiled to herself as she put down her empty cup.

"How true he is to her—how true," she thought as she crossed the landing, a graceful figure in her white cambric morning dress, with its coquettish black knots. "I wonder if I am too old to inspire such a love as that!"

And with a flush rising on her face at the thought, she softly opened Cecil's door and noiselessly entered the quiet room.

She had not made many steps towards the interior when she paused suddenly, growing very pale and cold. The intense quiet, the perfect orderliness of the room impressed her with a sudden sense of evil; then after that moment's hesitation she hurried across the room to the arched alcove in which the bed stood and with shaking hands pulled aside the silken curtain.

The dainty, lace-trimmed coverings were undisturbed; no beautiful, fair head rested on the pillows; no lovely, sorrowful eyes looked at her out of the shadow. The bed was empty; it had not been slept in.

The shock was a terrible one; Laura almost succumbed to it; her lips turned white; the room whirled around her; she groped her way to a chair, and sank down upon it for a minute, stunned, helpless, and motionless.

But her weakness was but transient; almost immediately she rose and shook off her fears.

"Cecil might have got up early and gone out," she said to herself, "and the housemaids, finding the room empty, had made the bed: how absurd to be so startled at such a trifle."

Yet there seemed to be a cold hand at her heart as she moved slowly over to the dressing table, and the face which looked at her from the mirror was pale and ghastly looking.

All the pretty ornaments on the table were in their accustomed places; the ivory-backed brushes, the hand-glass, the ring-stand laden with rings, were all there.

The cluster of Marechal Neil roses, that Sir Hugh had sent on the previous day, were in a slender vase; all the pretty trifles which girls love and which Cecil had been young enough to find pleasure in, were scattered about; a little cambric kerchief with her name fantastically embroidered in the corner, had fallen on the rug before the dressing table; mechanically Mrs. Geith stooped to pick it up, it gave forth a faint, sweet odor of violets, Cecil's favorite perfume.

Laura's lips quivered as she put it gently upon the table; as she did so she saw, on the writing table near by, a letter bearing her name, in Cecil's delicate, foreign hand-writing.

As her eyes rested upon it, once more a faintness and coldness crept over her; she put out her hand to take the letter, then drew it back, the fear which had assailed her a few minutes ago had returned with redoubled force. What had Cecil done? What had her anguish forced her to do?

She was sick, and faint, and tremulous, as she took up the letter; her knees were trembling, her eyes were dim, her fingers were so unsteady that she could scarcely open the closed envelope.

Before taking the letter from its cover she moved slowly to the window and opened it; the fresh air had revived her somewhat as she unfolded the sheet of paper, and read poor, heart-broken Cecil's farewell words:

"I hope you will not find this letter, my kind sister, until the unhappy writer is far away from you, and that when you have read it you will not blame me, but own that she has acted for the best.

"During the last day or two, dear Laura, I have thought a great deal, and I have come to the decision which I have acted upon. I am going away, not for a little while, but for always, and I beg you, if you love me—not if, but because you love me—not to try to find out where I go.

"I do not leave you without pain, my Laura, and truest friend anyone ever had. If I said that it cost me nothing to leave you, you would not believe it, so I will not say it. But I know that it is best that I should go, that the pain you and I must suffer now will be less than it would be if I stayed to darken your life as I have darkened it.

"Do not think of me with any sorrow, Laura. Forgive me all the trouble I brought into your life; I have money, plenty of money, and of course I can get plenty of more when I require it, therefore you need have no anxiety about me. I shall have all I want.

"Do not think that this resolution is a sudden or desperate one, dear Laura. I have often meditated it. I tried to carry it out when I first knew that I loved Hugh Danecourt, and thought that he might learn to love me, but my courage failed.; I did not love him well enough then to leave him. I love him a million times better now; and therefore I go. Tell him this, show him this letter if you think it best. He said that if I jilted him he would doubt my love; but say to him, Laura, that I never loved him so well as now, when I am leaving him forever.

"Perhaps you will wonder, dear, why I do not tell you that I am going, and ask you to come with me. It is because I love you less selfishly than I did when I allowed you to devote your life to me and share my shame. I have been very selfish, very inconsiderate towards you, my dear sister, but I have not been altogether unmindful of you.

"I believe that if you stay at the Gate House you will find a happiness you have never known before. Dear, do not pass it by. We have both learned, you and me, my dearest sister, that wealth will not make happiness; but love may, love will; do not shut your heart to the heaven-sent visitor, my Laura! I know that Doctor Baxter loves you, hopelessly, as he thinks. If you can love him, Laura—he is a good man—he will make you happy.

"I have given you one message for Hugh Danecourt—I think it needs no addition. I leave Danecourt because I love him, and because I will not bring any shame upon his name—for no other reason. If I had been a queen I could have wished for no greater happiness, no higher honor than to share his life.

"I take with me an undying remembrance of his tenderness and forbearance, and while I have life I shall love him with all the strength and fervor of my heart. Tell him to forget me. I desire and I deserve nothing else; and my one prayer will be that he may be happy with a wife who will love him as dearly as I love him—she could not love him more dearly—but who will not bring with her a dower of disgrace and shame.

"And now, good-bye, Laura; last night, when I kissed you, I knew that it was for the last time, and my heart was on my lips. Good-bye, my true-hearted sister; be very happy, and once more—you know the sweet meaning of the word—Good-bye!"

The letter fluttered down out of Mrs. Geith's hands. For a few moments all was dark before her eyes—she leaned heavily against the window frame.

When the darkness faded, and her eyes opened once more upon the summer sunshine, the sight of the letter at her feet recalled her to the bitter reality. She picked it up, then, passing out of the empty, desolate room, she closed the door behind her gently, reverently almost, as if she were shutting it upon the dead.

She went downstairs slowly, leaning heavily on the carved balustrades. Knolls, standing in the hall, looked at her with startled eyes; he had never seen her so pale.

"Where is Sir Hugh?" she asked him in quiet, measured tones.

"I showed Sir Hugh into the library, ma'am," Knolls said. "I beg your pardon, ma'am, but are you ill?"

"No," she replied, as she passed on to the library and entered the room.

Sir Hugh, standing by the window, turned quickly at her entrance, with an eager light in his eyes, which faded when he saw that it was not Cecil, and which gave place to an expression of intense alarm as he saw Laura's pallor, and the mournful expression of her beautiful dark eyes.

"What is it? What has happened?" he said breathlessly. "Cecil——"

As the words died away on his lips she advanced towards him, and in unbroken silence—what, indeed, could she say?—she put Cecil's letter into his out-stretched and trembling hand, as her answer to his question.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"I TELL you that she is dead! I have no shadow of hope in my heart. She is dead!"

The words, in a husky, broken, man's voice, fell harshly upon the air; their miserable intonation, the anguish betrayed as much by the tone as by the words, made Laura Geith shiver as she heard them.

"If she were dead we should have heard," she said falteringly, looking with sad, mournful eyes at the haggard, altered face of Sir Hugh Danecourt as he stood opposite to her in the soft light of the summer dusk, which filled the pretty drawing-room of the Gate House where they were. "I am sure that if anything had happened to her we should have heard, some one would have told us! You remember"—her voice faltered still more with a vain endeavor to laugh—"the old proverb, Hugh—'Ill news travels apace.'"

"Do you think if she were living she would leave us a prey to such terrible suspense?" Sir Hugh queried, with an incredulous tone in his voice—"she was always gentle and pitiful to everyone. Do you think she would torture us willingly? And if she were living, she would have known that no refinement of cruelty could be greater than this. She knew we loved her; she could not have doubted that, Laura! No, she is not living; she is dead! Had she not been dead she would not have allowed us to suffer for so long; she would have had pity on our anxiety!"

"It's only a week since she went away," Laura said tremulously, the big tears rolling slowly and heavily down her pale cheeks. "And——"

"Only a week!" the young man echoed, with a passionate gesture of despair. "Only a week! But a week is a lifetime, an eternity, under such circumstances. Great Heavens!" he continued wildly, "when you talk so coolly of a week, do you think of what a week, a day, an hour even, may bring forth?"

He turned away from her and began pacing the room, walking up and down with hurried, reckless, uneven steps, talking as he walked.

"Think how frail, how delicate she is," he went on passionately. "Think how unfit—how terribly unfit—to battle with the world. It seems to me impossible—utterly impossible—that she should have walked to Carlingford that morning; she was hardly able to stand the evening before! Sometimes,"—he pressed his hands to his aching, burning eyes—which had known so little of the relief and rest of sleep during the past terrible week—"I see her lying under some hedge, where she has crept away to die alone, like a wounded animal, far from any assistance or compassion, believing in her heart—poor, unhappy, mistaken child—that we are glad to be rid of her, and of the shame she fancies she has brought upon us."

"Oh, no! oh, no! You are mistaken!" Mrs. Geith said nervously. "She is gone to London. Who else from this neighborhood could have gone by that early train? Who would answer to the description we gave but Cecil? There is no one with short yellow hair like hers, and a soft voice, as the man said she had. She was almost desperate when she went away, you know, Hugh," she went on, trying to force back her tears, in her anxiety not to add to his great and terrible distress. "And desperation gives strength even to the weakest of us, and she thought she was doing the best for those she loved; for she loved you, Hugh, you must never doubt that."

"But what could make her believe that?" he said hopelessly. "I had tried so hard to assure her that life without her would be useless to me. She must have known that loving her as I did I could know no happiness without her. What could have induced her to believe otherwise? Laura, she meant well, the poor, tender heart. She went, as I believe, because she loved me so well, yet it would have been truer mercy to have taken a dagger and plunged it to the hilt into my heart, than to have left me as she has done!"

Looking at him in the soft light of the summer evening, Laura Geith could not but acknowledge the truth of his words.

Cecil, had she hated him, instead of loving him with all the strength of her broken heart, could have worked him no greater ill than she had done in her mistaken self-sacrifice. His deadliest enemy could have desired no crueller revenge for bitterest

wrongs than the suffering Sir Hugh had endured since Laura Geith had put into his trembling hands the letter Cecil had written with her best heart's blood.

Seven days and nights, one short week only, had elapsed since the summer dawn when Cecil had pressed her cheek against the closed iron gates of Danecourt Park, and turned her back forever on her happiness and peace.

Seven days—only a week—but a short space of time, yet it had changed Hugh Danecourt as fifteen years of happy, prosperous life would not have done. He looked old, worn, haggard; there were lines about his eyes, which were sunken and dull; his golden beard looked rough and uncared for; his whole appearance neglected.

Very different indeed did he look from the gallant gentleman who had come to the Gate House and found Cecil asleep in the shaded drawing-room. The sight of him made Laura Geith's heart ache with even more sorrow than her sister's misery had aroused in her.

Cecil had been accustomed to sorrow and suffering, whereas Sir Hugh had always been so bright and debonnair that it seemed passing strange to see him with that look of misery upon his handsome, wretched face.

"It will kill him! It will kill him!" Allan Glyde said to himself more than once during those seven days in which he had never left his friend. "No man, however strong, could bear such misery and live for any length of time. No man could ever live such another week as this and not feel it to his life's end!"

It had seemed to Laura Geith that she had never really guessed the depth of Sir Hugh's love for her sister until she had seen the ashen-gray pallor which had overspread his face when he read the poor child's heart-broken letter, and the look of agony which came into his blue eyes.

It seemed to her that no passionate burst of anguish, no bitter fit of weeping, could have shown such sorrow, such suffering, as that silent, voiceless agony. In a minute he seemed to age years, and the misery on his face had loosened the flood of Laura's tears, which flowed fast and unrestrainedly.

But not in tears or lamentations did Sir Hugh's trouble find vent.

As soon as the first crushing despair passed from his senses, as soon as he could think, he began to act. She was gone but he would follow her, if it were to the end of the world. The poor, foolish child, did she think to escape him thus?

As if he would let her go! As if she in her youth and inexperience, could hide from him! In his misery Sir Hugh could have laughed aloud at such a thought. Notwithstanding her desertion of him he was sure of her love, and she should not leave him.

That first day had been spent in wild wanderings about the neighborhood, a search shared by the vicar, who was in his friend's fullest confidence, and Montagu Arnold. Even Anne and Jessie Danecourt joined in it, the former full of remorse that she added so much to her brother's sorrow and the unhappy girl's distress.

Until night they did not despair of success; they never thought for a moment that it was possible that Cecil had walked to Carlingford; it would have seemed as easy for her to have walked to London itself; and they made the closest inquiries at Danecourt village and at the farms in the neighborhood, but without success, until a terrible fear rose in Anne Danecourt's heart lest she should have driven the girl to her death.

Perhaps the same fear was in other hearts besides hers; not in Laura Geith's, who knew her sister's sweet patient courage too well to doubt its endurance; but in Hugh's, who remembered the despairing anguish which had looked at him out of her gray eyes the night before, and how she had called him back, and clung to him, as if she would never let him go.

In the stillness of the moonlit summer night he went down to the brook, babbling so merrily in the woods, and throwing himself down beside it, had broken into such tears as his eyes had never shed in all his eight-and-twenty years of life.

"I think she would not have left me in this suspense and anxiety if she were living to relieve it," he said to himself wretchedly, after he had dragged his tired limbs through the woods where they had so often wandered together, and peered into the shadowy corners where the moonlight could not come, for a motionless, white-clad form, and an upturned pale face.

But the morning had come and he had made no terrible discovery; he went back to the Gate House, worn, haggard, desperate, with bloodshot eyes and parched lips, and Laura Geith tried to comfort him in vain, and could only weep in sympathy for his fiercer, yet dry-eyed sorrow.

Montagu Arnold's calmer judgment and wider experience came to their help then; it was he who drove to Carlingford, and found that a slender, solitary woman in black had left by the early train on the previous day, that the porter, who had, in the absence of the booking clerk, issued the tickets, had been struck by the lowness and apparent exhaustion of her voice, and the languor of her movements, and, although her veil concealed her face, he was able to state that her hair was golden. And on this information Sir Hugh and Allan Glyde started for London.

Doubtless Montagu Arnold would have been of greater service in the search than the clergyman, but Sir Hugh Danecourt shrank from him somewhat, and the barrister understood, and did not resent the feeling.

His sympathy with Sir Hugh's suffering and anxiety was sincere; he felt that nothing could be so hard to bear as this agony of suspense, and he knew that Allan Glyde, who had liked Cecil, and sorrowed for her, would be a more acceptable companion to the man who loved her, than he himself, who had believed her guilty of crime.

Vague as the information was, difficult as it was to believe that Cecil, frail as she was, should have walked those five long miles to Carlingford, Sir Hugh grasped at the hope with a tenacity which showed the vicar how great his fears had been.

It was she!—she was alive!—she still lived! Oh, what comfort there was in the thought, to the torn and bleeding heart which Cecil had lacerated so cruelly, in her endeavor to save him from disgrace!

Never, in all his life to come, would Hugh Danecourt forget the anguish of those days in London, when every atom of hope died out of his heart.

Montagu Arnold's letters to the cleverest detectives and Sir Hugh's lavish expenditure of money, procured the best advice and assistance; but day after day went by and brought no tidings—only a deeper and more hopeless despair.

Morning, noon, and night, the two men wandered through the crowded streets, Hugh's restless, haggard eyes unceasingly busy. They haunted Scotland Yard, they wearied the patient detectives with their persistence, they followed up many a feeble clew; sometimes they went, full of dread, to see some dead woman's face, which might be hers—but which never was, Allan Glyde thought, with deep gratitude—and night or day Hugh Danecourt knew no rest, and only touched food when he was sinking from inanition, and felt that his strength was failing him.

At the end of the week Allan gently induced him to return to Danecourt. There was nothing to be done in London, the search was in more skilful hands than theirs; let them return and renew the search in the home neighborhood, where, after all, she might be still.

Sir Hugh was almost passive in his friend's hands now; the sleepless nights, the miserable days had reduced even his great strength to weakness. At times a wild despair seized him, a passionate rebellion against the cruel fate which had parted them; at others he told himself that she was dead, that had she lived she would not have left him in such suspense—she, who was always so tender and gentle, would never have been so wilfully cruel.

And looking into Laura Geith's sorrowful eyes, he knew that, in her inmost heart, she shared this belief.

She had come forward to meet the two young men as they entered the Gate House, driving thither direct from the station, on the evening of their return.

She too, was changed, the vicar saw, as he took her hand, the brilliance of her rich, dark beauty had faded; she looked wan, jaded, heart-sick, and her eyes filled with tears as they rested on Sir Hugh's altered face, and saw what trouble and suffering were written there, or rather engraved there, in deep, easily legible lines.

"You have heard nothing?" Sir Hugh said presently, in a low tone, telling of great exhaustion, both mental and physical. "No, of course you have not, or you would have telegraphed—you would have let us know! Laura, what is the use of buoying ourselves up with false and groundless hopes; she was always so tender, so careful to avoid hurting anyone's feelings; her past suffering had made her so keen of perception of suffering in others, that she would have felt how cruel this silence would be to us; she would never have tortured us thus. She is dead; I am sure that she is dead!"

"But if she were dead, we should know, we should hear; someone would have told us!" Mrs. Geith cried out piteously. "If she were dead she could not force others to keep silence. I—I have searched all the papers carefully, there is nothing in any of them. Ah, why will you give up hope so soon? She is not dead! she is not dead, I tell you!"

"You say so, but you do not believe what you say," he said sadly, and turning from her, he sat down heavily on a couch, and looked about him with haggard, weary eyes, then suddenly closed them as if in pain, and let his head sink in utter weariness upon his breast.

The room, to him, was so full of Cecil's presence that, for a moment, it had almost seemed, to his troubled senses, that she was present there with them. He had seemed to see the slender, graceful figure, in its soft, white gown, the lovely, sorrowful eyes, which had so often looked into his own, the sweet, faintly-tinted lips, which he had so often kissed.

At that moment Sir Hugh had been tempted to stretch out his arms, although he knew that they would only grasp the empty air; she had seemed so near him, she who was so far from him, who was, perhaps, at rest from all her suffering and sorrow for ever.

While he sat with his face bowed upon his hands, struggling with his almost overpowering emotion, Allan Glyde was telling Cecil's sister of their hopeless research in the great, busy city, where one lost life leaves no more trace behind it than one drop of water falling into a river.

They had gone to Mr. Bevan, who had given them every assistance in his power; they had spent all the hours of the long summer days in going hither and thither, following up every clue, however slight, and meeting with nothing but disappointment.

A slender, low-voiced woman in black, carrying her own hand-bag, was not an uncommon sight, or one likely to attract notice in the great, crowded station or the busy streets. If the earth had followed her up she could not have disappeared more entirely from view.

"We have done all we could," the vicar said sadly; "Mr. Bevan was so deeply touched by Sir Hugh's distress that he will, I am sure, spare no trouble. His hope is that your sister"—he hardly knew what to call the missing woman whom he had known as Cecil Lestrange—"will soon come to the end of what money she has with her, and be forced to apply to him or you for more. Had she much money with her, do you know?"

"She said that she had plenty," Laura answered sorrowfully. "But she could not have very much, as she would never take any of the money which is hers by every right, and she would take but little from me. She had no use for money here, she used to say."

"So much the better," Mr. Glyde said, with some satisfaction. She will the sooner be obliged to appeal to you or Mr. Bevan. But I have a strong hope that when she is calm enough to remember what suffering and sorrow she is inflicting upon you, and upon him, by her silence, she will write, or, perhaps, return."

"It is all so strange and bewildering," Mrs. Geith said, dashing away the tears which would come notwithstanding her efforts. "I cannot understand what induced her to act so madly. Hugh had forgiven her deception—poor child! it had cost her so much pain that she had earned forgiveness—and since he forgave, no others had a right to cry shame. And she loved him so well!"

"She loved him too well," the vicar said sadly. "She has a noble heart, Mrs. Geith, and she gave him up for his own sake! Ah!" he added, "she is not the only woman who sacrifices her love and happiness for an idea. It is wonderful what trifles some women will allow to stand between them and the man they love! Sometimes an angry word, sometimes their poverty, sometimes their high birth, sometimes a trifling difference of age! Your sister, at least, has better grounds for her self-sacrifice, but it has none the less broken Sir Hugh's heart."

"Even as it must have broken her own," Mrs. Geith said unsteadily. "My poor, unhappy Cecil!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

VIENNA milliners, in order to render unpopular a cheap and pretty manilla hat, that lately became a favorite with ladies in that city, freely supplied the local female rag-pickers and crossing-sweepers with the objectionable manillas.

MEN'S judgments sway on that side fortune leans.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE HOTTENTOT MOTHER.—The Hottentot mother, who has brought up her boy with tenderness till he has reached the period when custom demands his initiation by certain ceremonies into the society of men, is the first to feel the weight of his arm on his return home from the scene of his transition; for, to show that he is now a man, and has the spirit of a man, he must knock her down.

PETER AND PAUL.—The phrase "robbing Peter to pay Paul," originated in the circumstance that the abbey of St. Peter, Westminster, London, was raised to the dignity of a cathedral by "letters patent" in 1540. But it was joined to the diocese of London again ten years subsequently, and many of its estates appropriated to the repairs of St. Paul's Cathedral. The phrase occurs in a translation of Rabelais, and in the same chapter the phrase to the effect that "if the skies fall, we shall catch larks," may also be found.

MOONLIGHT.—"All engineers dread moonlight nights," said the old trainman, "and the trouble is no trouble at all—shadows. An engineer, looking from his engine, sees before him all manner of shadows. He is sure that the shadow across the track is a man or a rock or some kind of an obstruction. He doesn't know, and he is kept in a state nervous excitement all the time. Going around curves, along hillsides, very curious shadows are outlined along the track, and very often the engineer is so worked up over a night's ride that he is scarcely able to perform his duties."

THE MINISTER'S GOWN.—The ladies in an Edinburgh congregation lately presented their minister with a pulpit-gown. The minister, on the Sunday after it was presented, intimated to the people of the church, "The ladies have been kind enough to present me with a pulpit-gown; but, lest any member should object to my wearing it, I shan't put it on yet, and will hear objections on Thursday night." Nobody came to object but an old lady. The minister said, "Well, Janet, what objection have you to the pulpit-gown?" "Aweel, sir," said Janet, "we never read of the apostle Paul wearing a gown?" The minister replied quite genially, "You are quite right, Janet; but then, you know, neither do we read of St. Paul wearing breeches." That satisfied the old lady.

HISTORY OF STARCHING.—Says an old book: "In the year 1565, Mistris Dinghen Van den Plasse, born at Teenen in Flaunders, daughter to a worshipful knight of that province, with her husband came to London for their better safeties, and there professed herselfe a starcher, wherein she excelled, unto whom her owne nation presently repaired, and payed her very liberally for her worke. Some very few of the best and most curious wives of that time, observing the neatness and delicacy of the whiteness and fine wearing of linen, made them cambricke ruffes, and sent them to Mistris Dinghen to starche, and after awhile they made them ruffes of lawn, which was at that time a stuff most strange and wonderful, and thereupon rose a general scoffe or by-word, that shortly they would make ruffes of a spider's web; and then they began to send their daughters and nearest kinswomen to Mistris Dinghen to learne how to starche; her usual price was foure or five pound to teach how to starche, and twenty shillings how to soothe starche."

SIGNS OF WIND.—Father Doublick Navarette in the seventeenth century discovered certain infallible signs of wind. One never failing token "was the running and fluttering about of little insects aboard the ship, and the more restless they are the higher the wind, and by observing what place they come from, mariners shall know if it will be fair." Another sign, according to his reverence, is when pigs begin to run and tumble about a ship in a calm. Baumgarten, in his "Travels," says he was with a pilot, who, by putting his finger in his mouth, and then holding it up, "prognosticated to us that we should have wind very speedily, which, indeed, proved accordingly." All that the modern sailor can do by wetting his finger and lifting it is to feel if there be any movement in the air. The digit has long ceased to be a sybil. Formerly the Brittany fishermen raised the wind at will by procuring the dust swept out of a certain church and blowing it in the direction from which they desired the breeze to come. Sardinian sailors also possessed the same useful art. To procure a fair wind they had nothing to do but to sweep a chapel after mass and blow the dust of it after departing ships.

THE EXPERIENCE OF LIFE.

BY SUSANNA J.

It seems a wild and dreary path
Whose end we cannot know;
The tasks we do are wearisome,
The way is long to go;

And those who shared our childhood's play
P'rhaps are journeying far away
Through desert wastes as long and lone,
With hearts grown heavy like our own.

Oh, could we in our early days
This Autumn gloom presage,
And know the nameless vague regret
That only comes with age,

That thought would hush Hope's joyous chime
And make us old before the time;
'Twould darken all our Summer sky
Before the stormy days draw nigh!

So let the children have their day
Of sunshine warm and glad,
Nor cloud its brightness from your stores
Of worldly wisdom sad.

Life's grave experience none can give;
Each heart alone must learn and live;
And, when the morning hath been gay,
Its mem'ry gladdens all the day.

A FLOWER OF FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WILD WARRINGTONS," "LIKE LOST SHEEP," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"SWEAR to me, Hannah Creedy, that every word of that vile confession also is true," she said.

"Dear, dear, how you do worry," muttered the woman, in a leaden voice, "a-keeping on with your 'Swear this' and 'Swear that'——"

"Do as I bid you—swear that it is true!" interrupted my mother haughtily.

"I swear that every word of it is true," grumbled Hannah Creedy drowsily. "And now go, and let me be. You've bothered me enough for one day, I think. You'll bring back the jumps directly, with your worrying and your——"

"One moment," said my mother very coldly. "There is a bundle of little garments which belonged to my child. With my own hands I made them; they are mine, and I mean to have them. Where is it, I say, that bundle of little clothes?"

"I'm sure I don't know why we kept 'em; but you may have 'em an' welcome; they are no good to us," the woman said, in the same leaden way. "What should I want of 'em? Ugh!"

"Mr. Leigh Eversleigh here has told me that they are hidden in some ponderous piece of old furniture—an old-fashioned chest of drawers or something that you have ——"

"So they are—in the chest of drawers in the parlor, where the linen is. Take and go and see for yourself, ma'am. I ain't hindering you," said Hannah Creedy, with sleepy insolence—"am I?"

At that moment my mother glanced towards the kitchen door.

As I stood in the passage beyond it, shrinking in the gloom and avoiding the dim gray light, her eyes met mine, and I beckoned to her.

She joined me directly, turning her back for ever upon that huddled-up figure by the hearth.

"Come with me. I will show you the parlor," I whispered. "If it can possibly be managed, I do not wish to be recognized by any one in the place."

My mother caught me to her breast. For seconds, in silence, she held me thus.

"Oh, my darling, my own darling!" she breathed—no more; but I understood. Passionately she kissed me, and then released me.

Together we entered the parlor of Moor Edge.

Here, as everywhere else, decay had set its seal. Huge spiders had woven their nets upon the window-panes; the damp old ugly paper was slowly dropping from the walls.

Drab dust lay thick wherever it could lie; the low room smelt as a grave-digger's tool-house smells, or as an ancient belfry where the rats have made a home.

My mother at once descried the old-fashioned chest of drawers.

I believe she was too excited to mark just then the deadly chill and forlornness of the Moor Edge parlor.

The drawers, it seemed, were unlocked; for one after another she seized them by their massive brass ring-shaped handles and dragged them all open as far as they would come.

Then feverishly she began to rummage for what she sought among the heaps of damp neglected linen.

I heard Mr. Eversleigh's step in the passage; and involuntarily I looked out of the parlor. He was going upstairs!

He understood the mute astonishment on my face, the half-tearful glance of inquiry in my eyes, for he said quietly:

"I want a word or two with Simon Creedy before we go. And, from what I can gather from that woman in the kitchen, I fancy that after all he must be in the house today."

"In the house?" I echoed blankly, with a shudder. "Then do not—do not let him discover that I am here with you, Mr. Eversleigh!"

"Trust me. His sister talks of a workshop in the roof—a kind of attic-den he has under the tiles. Evidently she thinks he must be there if he is anywhere at home; and so I am going to see."

"Ah!"

How vividly came back to me the recollection of that ghostly attic in the roof, where of a night we, Hannah Creedy and I, used so often to hear the measured tapping and sawing of a carpenter's tools; the mysterious attic regarding which Daryl Darkwood had once asked me, when he had come in the summer starshine to my chamber window which looked over the beautiful lone moor, whether Simon Creedy was "making coffins up there."

"Pray, pray be careful, Mr. Eversleigh!" I cried very anxiously in the next breath. "He may be angry, he may resent your seeking him there; I am sure it is not unlikely. He never would, I remember, permit any one to see him at work in that garret. He always locked himself within it, and always kept the key whenever he quitted it. I believe it is some sort of dreadful Bluebeard chamber; I do not know; I have never beheld its interior. Oh, do pray be cautious, Mr. Eversleigh!"

"I suppose," observed Leigh, with a grave reassuring smile, "that the man was jealous of his wonderful invention; doubtless that was about all, Mrs. Darkwood. The woman herself says, at least, so I make out that he has been working at it in various ways, improving the original idea, for a number of years past. It appears now that quite lately he has completed the model—that it is his intention to endeavor to get the affair patented, in the hope, I imagine, that it will bring him a fortune! I will soon return; I shall not be very long."

Certainly I did but vaguely comprehend Mr. Eversleigh; and he turned and went on his way upstairs.

More than half fearfully now I watched him until he disappeared.

CHAPTER XLIX.

SHIVERING—I could not help it—I went back into the mouldy parlor, where my mother was still searching diligently among the damp neglected linen.

"I have found them nearly all, my darling," cried she almost gleefully, her eyes shining with excitement, her voice triumphant. "See here, Flower! Actually I have unearthed the funny little purple-velvet and swansdown shoes which dear old Mrs. Jonsamy gave you upon your second birthday. Ah, no; they are really very pretty, but how utterly useless!" said my mother, with a low sweet laugh. "Why, child, I do not believe that you ever wore them!"

"I daresay not, dear," answered I automatically.

I was listening—acutely—for sounds upstairs. Howbeit I could hear nothing. Overhead it was as silent as death.

Facing me were the grimy parlor windows, where the famished spiders hung hideously; and in at one of the shut dim casements came slanting a thin and watery gleam of light.

The moorland morning mists were rolling away; and somewhere out of doors in the gray sky the wintry sun was trying to show himself.

The wan beam touched the gloom by the cold hearth-place, and fell upon a dark object which lay there upon the floor—something which apparently had been thrown down and forgotten.

How careless had they become at Moor Edge!

It was Simon Creedy's black bag!

I am a woman, a veritable daughter of Eve. Be sure that I was not born into the world lacking my full allotment of woman's curiosity.

Perchance I have more than my natural share.

An unconquerable impulse urged me, now that for the first time in my life the chance was mine, to peep into the black bag—just once—only just once!

Its little brass key was gone; it was unfastened; and I did peep in.

Although I knew quite well beforehand what I should see, the first glimpse of the horrid snake-like thing turned me suddenly giddy and faint.

Yet in reality what a harmless-looking thing it was, that by means of which Simon Creedy of Moor Edge had for the greater part of his lifetime earned his daily bread. A sturdy simple rope, nothing more.

I cried out rather wildly:

"Breath of Christian charity,
Blow, and sweep it from the earth!"

and stumbled backward, longing to be in the air.

My mother looked up quickly from her occupation. She had got together her treasures, and had made them into a neat and portable parcel.

"My dearest," said she in amazement, "what is the matter?"

I decided that I would not tell my darling mother—at all events not yet—of the presence in the room with us of that awful coiled thing in the black bag.

It might affright her and upset her, notwithstanding her improved health, her wondrous new strength.

If I told her at all, I would wait until we reached home—until we were safely back at Redknights.

"Nothing — nothing. I was thinking aloud, mother," said I at random, recovering my natural manner with an effort. "I wonder whether you would care to see the narrow chamber with the uneven floor where I used to sleep? I have no doubt that everything in it is exactly as I left it. Let us ascertain for ourselves—shall we?"

"Willingly," she replied eagerly. "But where, Flower, shall we find it?"

I took her somewhat nervously by the wrist to lead her from the dismal parlor.

"Come with me," I whispered, for the moment forgetting Simon Creedy and his still more dreadful attic, "and I will be your guide, mother."

It was not to be.

Mr. Eversleigh, hastening down the staircase, met us, stopped us, barred the passage. He was pale; more, he looked singularly strange and startled.

"Where are you going, Mrs. Darkwood?" he demanded.

I told him.

"No, no," he said, a little huskily. "Let us get away immediately; there is nothing further to wait for. For myself, I have had enough of this house; and I am certain that you and Mrs. Eversleigh can have no desire to linger in it—it is accursed," cried he, with some vehemence—"under a ban! Let us get away!"

My mother, holding her precious packet with both arms, indeed pressing it to her bosom, put in anxiously—

"But what is the matter, Leigh? What is wrong?"

"Nothing—everything, that is—well, to speak the truth," Mr. Eversleigh said in a low voice, literally compelling us to precede him along the passage, out of the front doorway, and down the garden path to the waiting fly at the gate, "I saw something upstairs that rather knocked me over. It was a sight which will haunt me, I fear, for many a day. I wish with all my heart that I could forget it!" he exclaimed almost passionately.

My mother and I were both about to speak.

Horrified curiosity was upon both our faces. Leigh Eversleigh however held up his hand.

"Be kind," he said more gently, "and do not ask me any questions until we get back to Stonyhampton."

Our return drive to the "Raven" was a very quiet one.

But as we drew once more near to Garlands-on-the-Moor a thought appeared to strike our companion.

"After all, it is but a slight Christian act," he said aloud, yet as if to himself; and he forthwith stopped the flyman and hurriedly alighted.

He went into the ancient farmhouse; but he was not many minutes absent. When he rejoined us and we were again jolting onward, Leigh said:

"There is a good motherly soul at that old homestead yonder; and with her I have arranged about—about that unhappy woman we have left behind us at Moor Edge."

"How do you mean, Leigh?" my mother inquired, a trifle coldly.

"I mean that she cannot live much longer—it is impossible; the wretched habits she has sunk into preclude all reasonable idea of it," was Leigh's firm reply. "And, as she ought not to be left day after day utterly alone there in that awful forsaken house, unwatched, uncared for, perhaps to sicken and starve, I have spoken to, arranged matters with, the worthy soul at Garlands-on-the-Moor. So long as Hannah Creedy is alive, she—the housewife at Garlands—will do her best to look after her. It is only right, I consider, and human."

"The woman has her brother," remarked my mother, still coldly, to which observation Mr. Eversleigh made no reply.

No more upon the question was said then; and my mother stared moodily out of the carriage window, her delicate lips tightened visibly, her small proud head held stiffly and high.

That which Leigh Eversleigh had taken upon himself to do was "a slight Christian act" which my beloved mother, at any rate, could not have brought herself to perform; at least not yet—no, not yet.

It was long past mid-day when we re-entered the snug hotel.

In our temporary sitting-room a blazing fire in the high polished grate and a capital cold luncheon upon the stiff lily-white cloth covering the table pleasantly greeted our return.

Yet, before we laid aside our bonnets, Mr. Eversleigh insisted upon each of us two women drinking a glass of good old brown sherry—a brown sherry famous at the "Raven"—saying authoritatively that we must need it after what we had gone through that morning.

And then he himself did what I had never before seen him do, not even in the sad old card-playing days with Daryl Darkwood.

He rang for a decanter of brandy, and drank nearly half a tumblerful of it, mixed with only a very little water.

Then he turned to my mother and me, and rapidly:

"You must kindly, please, forgive my leaving you again, I shall be back with you by the time you have taken off your things, but there is a duty to be performed which I dare not neglect; information must be given to the police."

Before we could question him he was gone; and, though, as he had promised, he was away but a short while—in reality, barely ten minutes—the waiting-time seemed to us like a very long half-hour.

But at last he reappeared; and we sat down to luncheon.

"And now," entreated my mother, "end our suspense, Leigh. Tell us what was wrong."

"You mean," he answered, as he thoughtfully shook open his serviette and spread it upon his knee, "at that desolate house on the moor?"

"Yes," shivered my mother—"at that horrible house on the moor."

He hesitated; and I, in a kind of fearful whisper, put in—

"And did you, Mr. Eversleigh, manage to find that—that dreadful attic in the roof?"

"Yes, I found it."

"And what did you see, Leigh? What was in it?" quickly asked my mother.

"It was full of horrors," was Leigh's sober reply—"never mind what they were; do not ask me, for I have no wish to destroy your appetite. Let it suffice that I found a dead man up there—a ghastly sight—hanging, strangled, upon a machine of his own invention."

I sank backward, for a moment dumb and inert, in my chair. Mr. Eversleigh quietly refilled my wine-glass. With a glance I thanked him and gratefully swallowed its contents.

"And the dead man was——" said my mother, awe-stricken.

"Simon Creedy. And now, my dear Mrs. Eversleigh—Mrs. Darkwood—suppose we try to forget that uncanny abode and everything connected with it," said Leigh more cheerily. "I am ravenous; and I trust that you are equally so. If you are not hungry, why, I think you ought to be—that is all—after breathing that fine moorland air."

* * * * * *

We travelled homeward, Londonward, by the afternoon express; parted with Mr. Eversleigh, as we had met him on the day before, at King's Cross; slept that night in town at the Great Western Hotel, and went down to Redknights on the following morning.

Ere long we, my mother and I, journeyed again to London.

On this occasion however Mr. Eversleigh was out of town, and we did not see him. So, without an escort, we went together to Mrs. Sadler's house in Bentham Street, and there found my whilom landlady at home engaged in cooking a lodger's dinner, and just as shabby and as doleful as I remembered her in the past.

Yes, it was indeed a dreary neighborhood, agreed my mother; but it was a dreariness, said she, that was paradisiacal in comparison with that of Moor Edge. Of course, not dreaming of our coming, Mrs. Sadler was greatly astonished to see us in Bentham Street; and she said so.

When her first brightening and excitement over the event had flickered out, we perceived that Mrs. Sadler was exceedingly low-spirited that day; in fact, she was, I believe, more depressed than she was wont to be.

Ah, yes, life was a hard battle, she said, for a poor widow woman who was forced to work for her living!

It was slave, slave from morning until night, and little enough money coming in for the joyless drudgery, and small thanks for one's pains.

Rent day was a nightmare; taxes were something worse—for tax-gatherers and their papers were for ever dropping down upon one when they least expected, frightening poor widows like Mrs. Sadler out of their wits with their blustering and their threats and their "last demands."

Her best-paying and safest lodger had given notice; and one of her sons was soon going to be married. Heigh-ho! Of course he would leave then, to live in a small house of his own in Camden town; and of course, too, it was her eldest boy, the one who earned the largest salary.

What she would do by-and-by, Mrs. Sadler didn't know; for she was afraid, though she was not yet quite certain, that her second lad was "engaged," or was "thinking of some young woman or other." Anyway, he was always writing letters of an evening; and matrimony, Mrs. Sadler supposed dolorously, was "catching." Heigh-ho! If the silly lads did but know what they were rushing into!

Be sure that my mother did not say good-bye to Mrs. Sadler without at parting pressing into her lean, hard hand a certain slip of crisp, rustling paper, stamped with three figures and not unknown at the Bank of England, which was the cause of the poor glad soul's dropping speechless upon her knees and wetting my mother's black glove with a hot flood of grateful tears. Not only that, said my mother, like the dear saint she was:

"Whenever you are in trouble—whenever you are harassed for money—write to me, Mrs. Sadler. You know our address, and mind you are looking brighter and happier the next time we come to see you."

Poor Mrs. Sadler herself, was quite unable to say good-bye.

And then we caught a suburban train running conveniently upon the Underground Railway, and went down to Ealing Common to see Mrs. Ramage.

The delight, the fluster, the eloquent wriggling and curtseying of Mrs. Ramage, who, as it chanced, was wearing a marvellous lace cap decked with apple-green bows and streamers of a darker shade a yard long, are truly indescribable, and vastly amused my dear mother—to whom Mrs. Ramage was a revelation, now meeting her for the first time.

Mrs. Ramage talked glibly of her daughter the Viscountess, who, she informed us, was still "in Madeira, expecting a certain event"—this in a confidential whisper—"every day;" and would not rest content until she had seen us accept refreshment and we had consented to "stay to tea."

Then, also, my mother must be shown all over the Oaks, and listen meanwhile to Mrs. Ramage's eulogies of her noble-hearted son-in-law the Viscount.

She told us willingly, and with perfect good nature, everything of interest that she could recollect concerning the St. Vincent Road, Hoxton: of Giles Hardman and Rachel Owen; and of the beautiful little dark-haired baby-girl whom they called "Flower Wilson."

"I ain't proud, mem," said Mrs. Ramage amiably. "I certainly did live at Hoxton once, and I've known some queer characters in my time. But that day, mem, is gone by," added Mrs. Ramage, bridling; "and, thanks to his lordship, my son-in-law, I live on Ealing Common now."

Time seemed to fly all too quickly during this visit of ours to Mrs. Ramage, it being naturally for my dear mother a deeply interesting occasion; and it was really quite late in the evening before we were able to get back to town.

And Mrs. Ramage, when at length we did say au revoir, with many a wriggle, promised my mother bashfully that on our return to England she would come and visit us at Redknights.

Again we spent the night at a West-End hotel—at this date the town-house of the Darkwood family in Portman Square was let to an American millionaire—and on the next day we journeyed down into sylvan Hertfordshire, to Arley churchyard, and there stood hand-in-hand by my darling's grave.

* * * * * *

Christmas was close upon us; it wanted barely a week to Christmas Day.

"I shall write and ask Leigh Eversleigh to come to us," said my mother, delicately touching her forehead with her quill. "He won't think us too dull, Flower, I know."

"Do, dear," I said, as carelessly as I could.

And I began to wonder whether he would come.

But he wrote and said that he could not; he was very sorry.

He was going abroad again almost immediately—not on the Continent, as we ourselves were, but this time to the East—in all likelihood to Cairo, Jerusalem, Damascus; perhaps on to India and to Australia. He supposed he should return some day. He had no settled plans.

"What ails him?" exclaimed my mother, in a hurt tone. "He never used to be so restless. I shall write once more, and ask him to strain a point and come to us for Christmas. I shall say that we both want him."

"Pray do not," I cried hastily. "Depend upon it, he cannot come, or—or if he were able he would."

"Well, I cannot understand it," fretted my mother. "He is only just back from the wildest parts of America! I am so disappointed. I suppose now we shall not see anything more of him until—until goodness knows when."

"Depend upon it," I repeated indifferently—how hard I tried not to speak bitterly; I wonder whether I succeeded!—"if he could come he would. Since he cannot, he will not; he knows his own business best. Mother, I ask you—I ask you as a favor, dear, not to write to him upon the subject again."

And so my mother and I together spent a very peaceful and a very happy Christmas Day.

Kneeling, she and I alone with each other, within the tall carved oak walls of the Redknights pew, whence, overhead, the oval marble tablet crowned with the white dove and bordered with the broken lily-wreath had been removed—how full of unspeakable gratitude to an all-wise, an all-merciful God were our prayers on that Christmas morning.

The new year came. Ere the first week of it had passed we had packed many giant trunks and had crossed the English Channel for an indefinite time—certainly however for a whole year.

We were going to visit those foreign towns and cities where Daryl and I as man and wife had lived, where the first strange years of our vagrant married life had been spent, and in one of which Isla had been born.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"After Sorrow, Joy."

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

MRS. DALE had just come back to the one poor room she called home, wearied, faint, disheartened, after a fruitless search for employment.

Was there nothing in all the world she could find to do to keep away that phantom want, which hovered so remorselessly near, its shadow growing more distinct as each passing day brought it nearer and still nearer to her door?

Surely, He who had promised such blessings to the widow and fatherless would not forsake her now—her and the one treasure left her, Mabel, her poor child?

Mabel was a cripple. Nearly a year before, she had had the misfortune to break her ankle.

It had been unskilfully set, and was now so distorted and bent as to be almost useless.

She had to walk with a crutch, when she could walk at all, but that was painful; so she would lie on her couch (the sole luxury retained from their once luxurious home), and wait each weary day, with that patient waiting so pathetic in a helpless invalid, for her mother's coming.

She looked up now with a happy, hopeful smile as Mrs. Dale came in, but the brightness faded from her face as quickly as it had come.

It needed no words to tell of her mother's failure.

The desponding droop of her figure, the utter abandonment of despair with which she threw herself down and buried her face in her white hands, told the whole story.

"You are tired, mother, dear," said Mabel, lovingly. "Come here, and let me soothe you."

Mechanically Mrs. Dale arose from her chair, and crossing the room, sat down beside Mabel on the couch.

Then Mabel took her mother's hand, and, stroking it very gently, began to sing quietly.

She had one gift that poverty could not, and sickness had not, taken from her—the gift of song.

Once she had hoped for so much from her voice; had looked forward to a time when it would win back for her parents all they had lost.

But the misfortunes that "never come singly" had come with double bitterness to them.

Their poverty (which put an end to all musical studies), her father's death, her own accident and long attendant illness, completely bereft her of whatever hopes she had once possessed; for how could a poor lame girl ever hope to succeed in the world of song, where only the fairest and best win a place for themselves?

But she could sing in her own home; and often, like the royal singer of old, she would charm away the evil spirits of distrust and despair which so surely beset her mother's heart.

She sang this day; and as her sweet voice rose, clear and tender, thrilling the air with waves of melody, Mrs. Dale's face lost its bitter, hopeless look, and, soothed by the song and her child's caressing touch, she slept.

Still Mabel sang on, fearing lest the cessation of sound should awaken her mother; and her voice was wondrously low and sweet, each note a prayer for that dear mother's healing.

Surely the music was doing her good, she slept so quietly.

But how strangely white and death-like her face looked. A sudden fear seized Mabel as she leaned over and kissed her mother's cheek.

It was so cold it struck a chill to her heart, and she cried, "Mother, mother, dear, waken and speak to me!"

Her voice rang out in a shrill cry as her mother lay so white and still. Instantly hurrying footsteps were heard, the door opened, and a gray-haired, foreign-looking gentleman entered the room.

"What is it that troubles you?" he asked, with a decided foreign accent. "Why do you cease the divine song, and pierce my ears with the scream? Ah, it freezes me yet."

His quick, piercing black eyes glanced from Mabel's terrified face to her mother's drooping form, and he seemed to comprehend.

"Ah, I wish the doctor—Philip—would come. It needs him here. I must hasten to bring him."

So saying, the little gentleman darted from the room, but almost instantly returned, followed by a tall, noble-looking young gentleman, the doctor, whom he had met at the foot of the stairs, who, wealthy enough to be independent of his practice, nobly gave his time, his skill, his wealth to the suffering poor.

"Oh, my mother!" moaned Mabel, looking up with wilder grief as the doctor approached. "I cannot rouse her. I fear she is dead."

"Let me see," said Doctor Leighton, as he laid his fingers on Mrs. Dale's wrist, and, stooping, listened for her heart-beats.

"It is only a faint. Quick! bring me water," he said.

With a painful movement Mabel arose, and adjusting her crutch, limped across the room.

"Poor child," said the doctor, watching the girl's slight form as she returned with the water; "I must attend to her later on."

Mrs. Dale soon revived, and sat up as the little gentle gentleman (who appeared and disappeared like a veritable "Jack-in-the-box") came in, followed by a man bearing a large tray.

"I, Signor Paoli, am a physician, too," he said, as he set soup and nourishing viands upon the table; "and I order you to eat these all, and I will be obeyed. Do you hear?"—to Mrs. Dale—"eat, eat, eat, my friend."

Then he rushed out again, as if thanks were what he feared most on earth.

Doctor Leighton smiled at the little man's earnestness, but knew that his was the right prescription; here, wholesome food was needed more than medicines.

"I am going to see a patient in the next street," he said, feeling with innate delicacy that his presence would embarrass Mrs. Dale, "but I shall return soon."

With grateful hearts Mabel and her mother ate, and thanked God for the repast, such an one as they had not tasted for months.

Doctor Leighton soon returned, as he had promised, and by dint of kindly questioning, learned Mrs. Dale's sad story.

He looked at Mabel as she lay on the couch; noted the fair, child-like face, with its shining, dewy, violet eyes, and sweet, tremulous lips, the wealth of golden curls tucked away from the pure white forehead, that was marked with some most unchild-like wrinkles, born of suffering; noted, too, the tiny hands, and frail, slender form.

"She is only a child—a lovely child," he thought, as with grave, unembarrassed air, he asked that he might examine the injured limb.

The doctor examined it thoroughly.

"Are you brave enough to suffer pain if, through that suffering, some day you may be able to walk?" he asked at last.

"I will bear any suffering for that," Mabel answered.

But her faced blanched, for she had already borne so much that her frail form shrank from further pain.

"I believe I can help you. Think it over to-night, and tell me when I come in the morning. But rest now, and do not worry," said Doctor Leighton, patting Mabel's soft, little hand as if she were indeed the child he thought.

Later, Signor Paoli returned, and, in his impassioned, Southern fashion, rushed headlong into the most astounding proposition. This was nothing else than to take Mabel to his own home, teach her to use the divine voice she possessed, later take her to his dear Italy to study, and then—

"But I am lame," said Mabel, her face flushing and paling beneath the hopes his impetuous words aroused.

"Lame!" the Signor shouted. "And what if so? I have heard you sing. I know. You shall be the Queen in 'The Magic Flute.' Carlo ta Patti is also lame; but who thinks of that when, in her silvery car, gliding down the moonbeams, she sings? It is her voice, not her feet, that enchants her audience. And it shall be your voice that shall make your fame and mine."

When Doctor Leighton came the next morning, he learned of the Signor's proposal.

"You should accept it by all means," he said to Mrs. Dale. "Signor Paoli is a most honorable and worthy man, besides being, as a musician of talent and wealth, fully able to fulfil all his promises. It was his kindness to one of his poor countrymen that led him here where he could hear your daughter's voice, providentially, since he is so well able to help her. Some of these days you may be able to repay him when your silvery notes shall be turned to gold," he said to Mabel. "But what of my proposition? Will you let me help you too?"

He gave her so kindly a smile that she lost all fear, and said "Yes" gladly.

So, when they were settled in the Signor's luxurious home, Mabel's poor ankle was broken anew, and properly set.

"Little Mabel bears it bravely," said Doctor Leighton, as day after day he watched her face contract with suffering, yet heard no moan from the patient lips.

And he brought her fruit and flowers, and petted her, and cared for her as for some sweet child, with no thought that the girl's heart thrilled with every glance from his dear eyes—that a touch of his hand was so perilously sweet to her.

She was so shy and still, how could he guess that love had made her a woman? But the mother knew, and she watched her darling's face brighten at his coming, or grow so sad and hopeless over his kindly, careless greeting.

Her heart ached for her child, for she knew that Doctor Leighton had no thought of love.

She was glad when, before Mabel was able to walk, the doctor was suddenly obliged to go to Cannes with his mother, a confirmed invalid, to whom he was tenderly devoted, even to the giving up of his fine practice for her.

He went with only a hurried leave-taking of Mabel, nor saw her set, white face as he left her.

Perhaps it was well that Signor Paoli demanded just then so much of her time and thoughts.

Gratitude to one who had done so much for her led her to exert herself to the utmost.

Ambition aroused took the place of love in her heart, and she surpassed the Signor's wildest hopes.

In the spring they went to Italy, as he had promised, and for two years Mabel gave heart and soul to study.

She had entirely recovered from her lameness, and what wonder if, in her gratitude, Philip Leighton was enshrined in her memory as worthy of her utmost love? Not a love that hoped for return, but such a love as would have made it bliss to die, if need were, for her beloved.

He would never know—perhaps he had forgotten even her very existence—but the love would only die with her death.

Those two years went by, and again Signor Paoli's house was opened to his friends. He had returned from Italy, bringing with him, rumor said, a new singer with a most wonderful voice.

One night, when his house was filled with guests, Doctor Leighton found himself among those who were waiting to welcome the young debutante.

The murmur of voices died away as down the long room came a lovely vision in white; a girl, fair and stately as a lily, not tall, but so sweet, so exquisitely proportioned, as to give one the idea of height which she did not possess.

As she passed Philip Leighton, she paused an instant, while her soft, velvet eyes met his, and held him spellbound.

Where had he seen those dewy, earnest eyes, he wondered.

It puzzled him, and the delicious, entrancing voice that floated through the room a few moments later puzzled him still more.

Like a long-forgotten dream came the memory of a child's sweet face, drawn with suffering; of pleading eyes that met his so wistfully when, with a touch whose very kindness seemed cruel, he bound the delicate, wounded ankle in the splints that were to strengthen it.

"Can it be little Mabel?" he murmured.

He was standing beneath the chandelier that hung in the centre of the room (for ornament merely, since the Signor detested gas, and had his rooms lighted by waxen candles placed in sconces around the sidewalls), gazing, with his heart in his eyes, at the lovely singer, and fancying that she blushed beneath his glance.

Suddenly she ceased her song, and, with a cry of horror, rushed down the room, threw herself against him and pushed him away, just as the chandelier fell with a loud crash on the spot where he had been standing.

He was safe; but Mabel stood imprisoned. A portion of the heavy weight had fallen on the long, silken train of her dress, and she could not stir.

Philip had fallen in a chair, and for a moment sat motionless, dazed by the suddenness of the affair, looking blankly up at Mabel, who, standing there with outstretched arms, seemed to say, "Come and help me." Instantly eager hands released her, and before Philip could reach her she had vanished.

In despair at his slowness of movement he stood irresolute, wondering if it were not all a dream, when a well-known voice said, "And what think you of the divine Mabel now? That act would have made her the fortune on the stage. Ah, she is per-r-fect!"

And Signor Paoli rolled out the word in an ecstasy of delight, rubbing his hands with an ardor that would have been painful to any but an Italian.

"Oh, signor! where is she? Take me to her, if it is indeed little Mabel!" cried Philip.

"Come, then," said the Signor, good-naturedly; and led the way to the pretty little reception-room that had been given up to Mabel in the days of her invalidism; the room where Philip had watched over her; where he had bade her "good-bye," scarce caring if he should never see her again. Could this Mabel, this lovely girl-woman, who had risked her life for him, be the same?

And could she ever care for him? These thoughts flashed like lightning through his mind as he passed by the door, looking at the picture presented.

A bright coal fire was blazing in the polished steel grate, and before it, in a cushioned chair, sat Mabel.

Her dainty slippered feet (that Titania might have envied) rested on the fender, and one dimpled hand upheld the graceful head, with its wealth of ringlets that the firelight turned to gold.

Softly Philip advanced towards her, but light as was his footstep, she heard and started up, her eyes aglow with an eager light.

"Oh, Philip!" she cried.

Then aghast at her boldness, hid her face in her hands, and so stood, a very picture of lovely confusion.

"Love!" he said; and raising the sweet face to his, looked long into the beautiful eyes, till the heavy lashes drooped and veiled the secret he would have read in their depths.

He did not remember that they were strangers. He only knew he loved this girl who stood before him in her matchless fairness.

"Mabel—little Mabel," he said, "you have saved my life! Will you not take it for your own?"

"It is your own good deed come back to you," Mabel whispered, shyly. "If you had left me lame I could not have helped you."

"Ah! I do not want gratitude from you, nor will I give it. Can you not love me, dear, a little?"

Loving him so much, what could Mabel say but "yes?"

Words fail to tell of the Signor's disappointment when Mabel told him of the "engagement" that would annul all others, for Philip at once exerted his authority to forbid all singing in public.

But the little man had a tender spot in his heart for all lovers, and he kissed Mabel on either cheek in his quaint, foreign fashion, saying, "It is best so, my dear. You will be happy, and you will still sing for that best of all audiences, your husband, your mother, and your Signor."

THE OLIVE TREE.—The olive is a tree of moderate size, and by no means beautiful, its foliage being sombre and melancholy. The leaves are oblong and glossy, the flowers grow in clusters, erect at first, but drooping as they mature. The fruit consists of a pericarp containing a fixed oil and a single seed. The oil pressed from this fruit surpasses all other oils for alimentary purposes.

The tree has consequently been cultivated on the shores of the Mediterranean from a very early period. The olive was raised for its oil in the days of the patriarchs, and Greece and Rome followed the example.

In America the tree flourishes in California, where the Franciscan missionaries planted it and brought it to perfection. The oil, which is gently pressed from the ripe fruit immediately after it is gathered, is called Virgin Oil, and is the most esteemed. The Riviera, from Nice to Genoa, has the credit of producing the finest Virgin Oil.

That which is extracted by stronger pressure, or by the aid of heat, or from olives that have fermented in heaps, furnishes the ordinary olive oil. A still inferior kind is obtained by boiling the husks, but this is used only for soap-making. As a relish for table, olives are gathered when green and packed in brine.

AT the Sea-shore it is the style to be very tired and never get rested. The morning dip is over with before it is half begun because the bather is "so tired;" she interrupts a waltz before going once round the room for the same reason; and she can do nothing to a finish but her meals because of the languor which has seized all sweltdom. On the piazza the girl of the period hangs her head, her hands and her feet and lolls back in a rocker, looking as thoroughly disorganized as a tempest-tossed kitten.

SOMETIMES.

BY BESSIE DILL.

Sometimes I long in utter loneliness
To see thy face;
Sometimes I picture how thy smile would bless
This empty place;
Sometimes I hear thy voice in accents glad,
Or tender tone,
And then I feel that it is doubly sad
To be alone!

Ah! life is now a weary thing to me;
For, gazing on,
I have no thought or hope of meeting thee
Beneath the sun!
My life would lose what most I care to keep,
Should I forget,—
And yet, remembering, I can but weep
With rain regret!

Ah! I lost by my own wayward pride
Thy care and love.
I only hope that I may reach thy side
In heaven above;
I only pray that thou wilt find it sweet,
And not in vain,
To know that all my life, until we meet,
Is one long pain!

Storms and Sunshine

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER I.

DINNER was over. Emma Paul had gone out to stroll in the shady garden and wait for the evening breeze that would soon come on, and was so delightful after the heat of the day. Her father remained at the table.

He was slowly sipping at his one glass of port wine, which he took in a large claret glass, when the door opened and Thomas Chandler entered.

"Oh," said Mr. Paul. "So you are back, are you, young man?"

"I went on to Worcester, sir," explained Tom.

Who, though he was now made Mr. Paul's partner, could not get rid all at once of the old mode of addressing him.

Managing clerks in these days, who are qualified solicitors, do not condescend to say "Sir" to their chief, no matter though he be their elder by half a life-time; but they did in the days gone by.

"When I got to Crabb Cot this morning, sir, Mr. Todhetley was on the point of starting for Worcester in the phaeton with his son and Johnny Ludlow," went on Tom. "After listening to the news I took him, he naturally wished me to go also, and I did so. He was in a fine way about it."

"But you need not have stayed at Worcester all day."

"Well, being there, I thought—after I had conferred with Corles at his office upon this other matter—I should do well to go on to Oddingley and see William Smith about that troublesome business of his; so I hired a gig and went there; and I've just got back by train, walking from Crabb," answered Tom Chandler.

"Had any dinner?"

"Oh, yes, thank you; and some tea also at Shrub Hill station, while waiting for the train; this weather makes one thirsty. No, thank you, sir," as Mr. Paul pushed the decanter towards him; "wine would only make me still more thirsty than I am."

"I never saw you looking so hot," remarked the old lawyer.

Tom laughed, and rubbed his face. The walk from Crabb was no light one; and, of course, with Miss Emma at the end of it, he had come at a steaming pace.

"Well, and what did you and Todhetley make of the matter?"

It was the day, as may readily be understood, when we had gone to Worcester to have it out at the silversmith's.

Tom Chandler recounted all that passed, and repeated the description given to himself by Stephenson of the fellow who had changed the bank-note.

Mr. Paul received it with an impatient and not at all orthodox word, meant for Richard MacEveril.

"But I cannot feel sure, no, nor half sure, that it was MacEveril," said Tom Chandler.

"What have your feelings got to do with it?" asked old Paul, in his crusty way. "It seems to me, the description you give would be his very picture."

"Stephenson says he had blue eyes. Now Dick's are brown."

"Eyes be darned," retorted the lawyer. "As if any man could swear to a chance customer's eyes after seeing them for just a minute or two. It was Dick MacEveril; he caught up the letter as it lay on Hanborough's desk in the office, and decamped with it; and went off the next day to Worcester to get the note changed, as bold as though he had been Dick Turpin."

Still Tom was not convinced. He took out the pencil he had bought, and showed it to Mr. Paul.

"Ay," said the old gentleman, "it's a pretty thing, and perhaps he may get traced by it. Do you forget, Mr. Thomas, that the young rascal absented himself all that day from the office on pretext of going to the picnic at Mrs. Cramp's, and that, as you told me, he never made his appearance at the picnic until very late that afternoon?"

"I know," assented Tom. "He said he had been to the pigeon match."

"If he said he had been to the moon, I suppose you'd believe it. Don't tell me. It was Dick MacEveril who stole the note; every attendant circumstance helps to prove it. There; we'll say no more about the matter, and you can be off to the garden if you want to; I know you are on thorns for it."

From that day the matter dropped into oblivion, and nothing was allowed to transpire connecting MacEveril with the theft.

Mr. Paul enjoined silence, out of regard for his old friend the captain, on Tom Chandler and Mr. Hanborough, the only two, besides himself, who suspected Dick.

Some letters arrived at Ielip about this time from Paris, written by Dick; one to Captain MacEveril, another to Mr. Paul, a third to his cousin Mary.

He coolly said he was gone to Paris for a few weeks with Jim Stockleigh, and they were both enjoying themselves amazingly.

So, the ball of gossip not being kept up, the mysterious loss of the letter containing the bank-note was soon forgotten.

Mr. Paul was too vexed to speak of it; it seemed a slur upon his office; and he shielded Dick's good name for his uncle's sake; while Preen was silent because he did not wish the debt talked about.

We left Crabb Cot for Dyke Manor, carrying our wonder with us.

The next singular point to us was, how the changer of the note could have been so well acquainted with the circumstances attending the buying of the brooch.

Mrs. Todhetley would talk of it by the hour together, suggesting now this person and now that; but never seeming to hit upon a likely one.

July passed away, August also, and September came in.

On the Thursday in the first week of the latter month, Emma Paul was to become Emma Chandler.

All that while, through all those months and weeks, poor Oliver Preen had been having a bad time of it.

No longer able to buoy himself up with the delusive belief that Emma's engagement to Chandler was nothing but a myth, he had to accept it, and all the torment it brought him.

He had grown pale and thin; nervous also; his lips would turn white if anyone spoke to him abruptly, his hot hand trembled when in another's grasp.

Jane thought he must be suffering from some inward fever; she did not know much about her brother's love for Emma, or dream that it could be serious.

"I'm sure I wish their wedding was over and done with; Oliver might come to his proper senses then," Jane told herself. "He is very silly. I don't see much in Emma Paul."

September, I say, came in. It was somewhat singular that we should again be for just that one first week of it at Crabb Cot.

Sir Robert Tenby had invited the Squire to take a few days' shooting with him, and included Tod in the invitation—to his wild delight.

So Mr. and Mrs. Todhetley went from Dyke Manor to Crabb Cot for the week, and we accompanied them.

On the Monday morning of this eventful week—and terribly eventful it was destined to be—Mr. Paul's office had a surprise. Richard MacEveril walked into it.

He was looking fresh and blooming, as if he had never heard of such a thing as running away.

Mr. Hanborough gazed up at him from his desk as if he saw an apparition; Tim Bailey's red face seemed illumined by sudden sunshine.

"Well, and is nobody going to welcome me back?" cried poor Dick, as he put out his hand, in the silence, to Mr. Hanborough.

"The truth is, we never expected to see you back; we thought you had gone for good," answered Hanborough.

Dick laughed.

"The two masters in there?" he asked, giving his head a nod at the inner door.

Hearing that they were, he went in. Old Paul, in his astonishment, dropped a pen-ful of ink upon a letter he was writing.

"Why, where do you spring from?" he cried.

"From my uncle's now, sir; got home last night. Been having a rare time of it in Paris. I suppose I may take my place at the desk again?" added Dick.

The impudence of this supposition drove all Mr. Paul's wisdom out of him. Motioning to Tom Chandler to close the doors, he avowed to Dick what he was suspected of, and accused him of taking the letter and the bank-note.

"Well I never," exclaimed Dick, meeting the news with equanimity. "Go off with a letter of yours, sir, and a bank-note. Steal it, do you mean? Why, you cannot think I'd be capable of such a dirty trick, Mr. Paul. Indeed, sir, it wasn't me."

And there was something in the genuine astonishment of the young fellow, a certain honesty in his look and tone, that told Mr. Paul his suspicion might be a mistaken one.

He recounted a brief outline of the facts, Tom Chandler helping him.

"I never saw the letter or the note, sir," persisted Dick. "I remember the Wednesday afternoon quite well. When I went out to get my tea I met Fred Scott, and he persuaded me into the Bull for a game at billiards. It was half-past five before I got back here, and Mr. Hanborough blew me up. He had not been able to get out to his own tea. Bailey was away that afternoon. No, no, sir, I'd not do such a thing as that."

"Where did you get the money to go away to London with, young man?" questioned old Paul, severely.

Dick laughed.

"I won it," he said; "upon my word of honor, sir, I did. It was the day of the picnic, and I persisted in going straight to it the first thing—which put the office here in a rage, as it was busy. Well, in turning out of here I again met Scott. He was hastening off to the pigeon-shooting match. I went with him, intending to stay but half an hour. But, once there, I couldn't tear myself away. They were betting; I betted too, though I had only half-a-crown in my pocket, and I won thirty shillings; and I never got to Mrs. Cramp's till the afternoon, when it was close upon tea-time. Tom Chandler knows I didn't."

Tom Chandler nodded.

"But for winning that thirty shillings I could not have got up to London, unless somebody had lent me some," ran on Dick, who, once set going, was a rare talker. "You can ask anyone at that pigeon match, sir, whether I was not there the whole time; so it is impossible I could have been at Worcester, changing a bank-note."

The words brought to Mr. Paul a regret that he had not thought to ask that question of some one of the sportsmen; it would have set the matter at rest, so far as MacEveril was concerned.

And the suspicion had been so apparently well grounded, as to prevent suspicion in other quarters.

Tom Chandler, standing beside Dick at Mr. Paul's table, quietly laid a pencil upon it, as if intending to write something down. Dick took it up gently and looked at it.

"What a pretty pencil," he exclaimed. "Is it gold?"

It should be understood that in those past days, these ornamental pencils were quite rare.

They may be bought by the bushel now. And Tom Chandler would have been convinced by the tone, had he still needed conviction, that Dick had not seen any pencil like it before.

"Well," struck in old Paul, a little repentant for having so surely assumed Dick's guilt, and thankful on the captain's account that it was a mistake; "if you promise to be steady at your work, young man, I suppose you may take your place at the desk again. This gentleman here is going a-roving this week," pointing the feather-end of his pen to Tom Chandler, "for no one knows how long; so you'll have to stick to it."

"I know; I've heard," laughed Dick. "I mean to get a few minutes to dash into the church and see the wedding. Hope you'll not dismiss me for it, sir."

"There, there; you go to your desk now, young man, and ask Mr. Hanborough what you must do first," concluded the lawyer.

It was not the only time on that same day that Thomas Chandler displayed his new pencil.

Finding his theory, that Dick MacEveril possessed the fellow one, to be mistaken, he at once began to take every opportunity of showing it to the world—which he had not done hitherto. Something might possibly come of it, he thought. And something did.

Calling in at Colonel Latsom's in the evening, I found Jane Preen there, and one or two more girls.

The Squire and Tod had not appeared at home yet, neither had Colonel Latsom, who made one at the shooting party; we decided that Sir Robert must be keeping them to an unceremonious dinner. Presently Tom Chandler came in, to bring a note to the Colonel from Mr. Paul.

Bob Latsom proposed a round game at cards—Speculation.

His sister, Fanny, objected; speculation was nothing but screaming, she said, and we couldn't sit down to cards by daylight. She proposed music; she thought great things of her singing; Bob retorted that music might be shot, and they talked at one another a bit.

Finally we settled to play at "Consequences."

This involves, as everyone knows, sitting round a table with pencils and pieces of writing-paper.

I sat next to Tom Chandler, Jane Preen next to me. Fanny was on the other side of Tom—but it is not necessary to relate how we all sat.

Before we had well begun, Chandler put his pencil on the table, carelessly, and it rolled past me.

"Why! that is Oliver's pencil!" exclaimed Jane, picking it up.

"Which is?" quietly said Tom. "That? No; it is mine."

Jane looked at it on all sides.

"It is exactly like one that Oliver has," she said. "It fell out of a drawer in his room the other day, when I was counting up his collars and handkerchiefs. He told me he brought it from Tours."

"No doubt," said Tom. "I bought mine at Worcester."

In taking the pencil from Jane, Tom's eye caught mine. I did feel queer; he saw I did; but I think he was feeling the same. Little doubt now who had changed the note.

"You will not talk of it, will you?" I whispered to Tom, as we were dispersing about the room when the game was over.

"No," said he, "it shall not come out through me. I'm afraid, though, there's no mistake this time, Johnny. A half doubt of it has crossed my mind at odd moments."

Neither would I talk of it, even to Tod. After all, it was not proof positive. I had never, never thought of Oliver.

The Latsoms had a fine old garden, as all the gardens at Crabb were, and we strolled out in the twilight.

The sun had set, but the sky was bright in the west. Valentine Chandler, for he had come in, kept of course by Jane's side.

Anyone might see that it was, as Tod called it, a gone case with them. It was no end of a pity, Val being just as unsteady and uncertain as the wind.

People do bolder things in the gloaming than in the garish daylight; and we fell to singing in the grotto—a semi-circular, half-open space with seats in it, surrounded at the back by the artificial rocks.

Fanny began; she brought out an old guitar and twanged at it and sang for us, "The Baron of Mowbray;" where the false knight rides away laughing from the Baron's door and the Baron's daughter; that far-famed song of sixty years ago, which was said to have made a fortune for its composer.

The next to take up the singing was Valentine Chandler; and in listening to him you forgot all his short-comings.

Never man had sweeter voice than he; and in his singing there was a singular charm impossible to be described.

In his voice also—I mean when he spoke—there was always melody, and in his speech, when he chose to put it forth, a persuasive eloquence.

This might have been instrumental in winning Jane Preen's heart; we are told that a man's heart is lost through his eye, a woman's through her ear.

Poor Valentine! he might have been so nice a fellow—and he was going to the bad as fast as he could go.

The song he chose was a ridiculous old ditty all about love. Val chose it for Miss Jane and sung it to her; to her alone, mind you; the rest of us went for nothing.

Now, it was a most ridiculous song, foolish as love-songs in general are. But had you been sitting there with us in all the subtle romance imparted by the witching hour of the twilight, the soft air floating around, the clear sky above, one large silver star trembling in its blue depths, you would have felt entranced.

The wonderful melody of the singer's voice, his distinct enunciation, the tender passion breathing through his soft utterance, and the slight, yet unmistakable emphasis given to the avowal of his love, thrilled us all.

It was as decided a declaration of what he felt for Jane Preen as he could well make in this world.

Once he glanced at her, and only once throughout; it was where I have placed the pause, as he placed himself, "like thee—and me."

As if his glance drew hers by some irresistible fascination, Jane, who had been sitting beneath the rock just opposite to him, her eyes cast down—as he made that pause and glanced at her, I say, she lifted them for a moment, and caught the glance.

I may live to be an old man, but I shall never forget Val's song that night, or the charm it held for us.

What, then, must it have held for Jane? And it is because that song and its charm lie still fresh on my memory, though many a year has since worn itself out, that I inscribe it here.

As the singing came to an end, dying softly away, no one for a moment or two broke the hushed silence that ensued. Valentine was the first to do it.

He got up from his seat; went round to a ledge of rock and stood upon it, looking out in the distance. Had the sea been near, one might have thought he saw a ship, homeward bound.

CHAPTER II.

HAD the clerk of the weather been bribed with a purse of gold, he could not have sent a finer day than Thursday turned out to be.

The sun shone, the air sparkled, and the bells of Ielip church rang out from the old steeple.

Ielip was much behind other churches in many respects; so primitive, indeed, in some of its ways, that had an edifice of advanced views come sailing through the air to pay it a visit, it would have turned tail again and run away; but Ielip could boast of one thing few churches can boast of—a delightful peal of bells.

The wedding took place at eleven o'clock, and was a quiet one.

Its attendants were chiefly confined to the parties themselves and their immediate relatives, but that did not prevent other people from flocking in to see it.

I and Dick MacEveril went in together, and got a good place close up; which was lucky, for the old church is full of pillars and angles that obstruct the view.

Emma was in white silk; her bridesmaid, Mary MacEveril, the same; it was the custom in those days.

Tom looked uncommonly well; but he and she were both nervous. Old Paul gave her away; a thin aunt, who had a twisted nose, and had come on a visit to superintend the wedding, in place of Emma's dead mother, did nothing but weep.

She wore an odd gown, pink one way, blue another; you might have thought she had borrowed its colors from their copper tea-kettle.

Mrs. Chandler, Tom's mother, in gray silk, was smarter than she had ever been in her life; and his aunt, Mrs. Cramp, was resplendent in a dress bordering upon orange.

The ceremony came to an end very quickly, I thought—you do think so at most simple weddings; and Tom and his wife went away together in the first carriage.

Next came the breakfast at Mr. Paul's; the aunt presiding in a gentle stream of tears. Early in the afternoon the bride and

bridegroom left for London, on their way to the continent.

* * * * * *

Everyone does not care to dash to a church to see a marriage; some would as soon think of running to look on at a funeral.

Mr. Preen was one of these insensible people, and he, of course, did not care to go near it.

He made game of Jane for doing so; but Jane wanted to see the dresses and the ceremony. Oliver had not the opportunity of going; and would not have used it though he had had it.

Just about eleven o'clock, when the gay doings were in full swing, Mr. Preen took Oliver off to Worcester in the gig.

About a fortnight before, Mr. Preen had appointed a saddler in Worcester to be his agent for the new patent agricultural implements, for which he was himself agent-in-chief.

Until this under agency should be well in hand, Mr. Preen considered it necessary to see the saddler often; for which purpose he drove into Worcester at least three times a week.

Once, instead of going himself, he had sent Oliver, but this day was the first time the two had gone together.

It might have been—one cannot tell—but it might have been that Mr. Preen discerned what this wedding of Emma Paul's must be to his son, and so took him out to divert his mind a bit.

Now, upon entering Worcester, to get to the saddler's it was necessary to drive through High Street and turn into Broad Street.

At least, that was the straightforward route. But Oliver had not taken it the day he drove in alone; he had preferred the more round-about way of the back streets. After driving through Sidbury, he—instead of going forward up College Street and so into High Street—went careering along Friar Street, along the whole length of New Street, turned up St. Swithen Street, or Goose Lane, or one of those dingy thoroughfares, made a dash across the top of High Street, and so into his destination, Broad Street.

In returning he took the same way. What his objection to the better streets could be, he alone knew. To-day, however, Mr. Preen held the reins.

Mr. Preen was driving quietly up College Street, when Oliver spoke.

"I wish you'd put me down here, father."

"Put you down here!" repeated Mr. Preen, turning to look at him. "What for?"

"I want to get a little book for Jane," answered Oliver, glancing towards Mr. Eaton's house. "I shall be up in Broad Street nearly as soon as you are, if you want me there."

"I don't particularly want you," said Mr. Preen, crustily, "but you needn't be long before you come."

And, drawing up to the side, he let Oliver get out.

Driving on to the saddler's, Mr. Preen transacted his business with him. When it was over, he went to the door, where his gig waited, and looked up and down the street, but saw nothing of Oliver.

"Hasn't given himself the trouble to come up. Would rather put his lazy legs astride one of those posts opposite the college, and watch for my passing back again!"

Which was of course rather a far-fetched idea of Mr. Preen's; but he spoke in a temper.

Though, indeed, of late Oliver had appeared singularly inert: as if all spirit to move had gone out of him.

Mr. Preen got into his gig at the saddler's door and set off again. Turning into High Street, he drove gently down it, looking out on all sides, if truth must be told, for Oliver.

This caused him to see Stephenson standing at the silversmith's door, the silversmith himself, back now for good at his business, being behind the counter.

Now and then, since the bank-note was traced, Mr. Preen had made inquiries of Stephenson as to whether any news had been heard of its changer, but he had not done so lately.

Not being in a hurry, he pulled up against the curb-stone. Stephenson crossed the flags to speak.

"Nothing turned up yet, I suppose," said Mr. Preen.

"Well, I can hardly say it has," replied Stephenson; "but I've seen the gentleman who paid it in to us."

"And who is it? and where was he?" cried Preen, eagerly.

Stephenson had stepped back a pace, and appeared to be looking critically at the horse and gig.

"It was last Saturday," he said, coming close again. "I had to take a parcel into Friar Street for one of our country customers, a farmer's wife who was spending the day with some people living down there, and I saw a gig bowling along. The young fellow in it was the one who changed the note."

"Are you sure of it?" returned Mr. Preen.

"Quite sure, sir. I had no opportunity of speaking to him or stopping him. He was driving at a good pace, and the moment he caught sight of me, for I saw him do that, he touched the horse and went on like a whirlwind.

Mr. Preen's little dark face took a darker frown.

"I should have stopped him," he said, sternly. "You ought to have rushed after him, Stephenson, and called upon the street to help in the pursuit. You might, at least, have traced where he went to. A gig, you say he was in?"

"Yes," said Stephenson. "And, unless I am greatly mistaken, it was this very gig you are in now."

"What do you mean by that?" retorted Preen, haughtily.

"I took particular notice of the horse and gig, so as to recognize them again if ever I got the chance; and I say that it was this gig and this horse, sir. There's no mistake about it."

They stared into one another's eyes, one face looking up, and the other looking down.

All in a moment, Stephenson saw the other face turned ghastly white. It had come into Mr. Preen's recollection amidst his bewilderment, that Oliver had gone into Worcester last Saturday afternoon, driving the horse and gig.

"I can't understand this! Who should be in my gig?" he cried, calling some presence of mind to his aid. "Last Saturday, you say? In the afternoon?"

"Last Saturday afternoon, close upon four o'clock. As I turned down Lich Street, I saw the lay-clerks coming out of College. Afternoon service is generally over a little before four," added Stephenson. "He was driving straight into Friar Street from Sidbury."

Another recollection flashed across Mr. Preen: Oliver's asking just now to be put down in College Street.

Was it to prevent his passing through High Street? Was he afraid to pass through it?

"He is a nice-looking young fellow," said Stephenson; "has a fair, mild face; but he was the one who changed the bank-note."

"That may be; but as to his being in my gig, it is not——Why, I was not in town at all on Saturday," broke off Mr. Preen, with a show of indignant remonstrance.

"No, Mr. Preen; the young man was in it alone," said Stephenson, who probably had his own thoughts upon the problem.

"Well, I can't stay longer now; I'm late already," said Mr. Preen. "Good morning, Stephenson." And away he drove with a dash.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The White Stag.

BY HENRY FRITH.

DAVID THE FIRST was King of Scotland in the year 1124. He was merry, and fond of all active sports, and not so pious as his old friend and confessor, the pious Aikwine, canon of St. Augustine, desired him to be.

As he had been his confessor in the days before he was King, and while he was Earl of Huntington and of Northumberland, Aikwine doubtless knew all his peccadilloes, and they troubled the good man greatly.

Still he strove to turn him to the paths of devotion, and when, shortly after his coronation, "Rood's Day" fell—a day for the elevation of the cross in the churches, and held as a particularly solemn one—the canon counselled him to spend it in contemplation and religious exercises at the Castle of Edinburgh.

The King was not easy to persuade, but he yielded at last, and, attended by his courtiers, set forth for the Castle early on the morning of the holy day, Aikwine accompanying him.

Now, at this time, there were in the neighborhood of the Castle vast woods and vales, full of deer and all manner of wild beasts, and this was the hunting season; and as the King rode along he was met by a company of gay young nobles, who paid no regard to holy days, and who invited him to join them in a merry hunt, which they were about to hold in the forest.

The King, always fond of the chase, was delighted with the idea.

The hunters, all ready equipped, the impatient horses, the whimpering hounds in leash, the air so bright and sparkling, the forest so fresh and green, tempted him beyond resistance.

Besides, he wished to be popular, and the gallant young men, bright-eyed, active, and all offering him their admiration as master of their sports, were more agreeable to his eye than the father-confessor with grave countenance and shorn head, who desired him to spend the bright hours in a dim old chapel.

Aikwine lifted his voice against the desecration of the day in vain.

"Am I not King?" cried the young man. "Of what use to be a King, if I may not do as I will?"

The courtiers agreed with anything he said.

The young nobles applauded him; and away he rode, followed by his retinue—forsaking his devotions to hunt the stag, and probably to add another laurel to his fame as a sportsman.

The good Aikwine, grieved and mortified, went on his way alone, and prayed, it is said, that some sign might be given to the King that day which would turn his mind to heavenly thoughts and save his soul.

Meanwhile, he could not divert himself of a presentiment that evil was at hand, and was possessed of a fear that that day, in his opinion so badly spent, would see the King done to death in some sudden and terrible way; and up in his tower the King's own harper played a tune he knew not—a divine air that might have been the song of an angel—and marvelled at it, for he had never heard the notes before.

Strange signs and tokens marked that day, it is said; but it is so long ago that they have left no record. A church bell rang without hands.

A dumb man spake and said, "God have mercy on our souls:" and a star was seen above the chapel in daylight; and all the Scottish seers were busy; but, meanwhile, the King was hunting in the wood.

He had a gay day, and was fortunate from a sportsman's point of view, and all the woods were full of the din of bugles, the shouts of men, the cries of dogs, and the voices of the beasts of the forest; for everyone of them, terrified by the turmoil, came from his den, or lair, or burrow, and added his mite to the volume of sound.

They had a jovial day, and all congratulated themselves upon possessing such a merry King.

Now it came to pass that as evening fell, and the shadows of man, and beast, and tree grew long upon the ground, the King became separated from his courtiers, no one ever knew how; but so it happened.

He found himself suddenly quite alone at the foot of a great crag.

Far away sounded the noise of the hunt, but he could see no man anywhere: and suddenly his horse, an animal of mettle—such as it befitted a monarch to ride—began to tremble.

In all his movements, and in his strange stare, he exhibited those tokens which, to this day, Scotsmen of a superstitious nature will declare a proof that the horse can see spirits, which anyone must be convinced give evidence that these dumb creatures are capable of the most intense terror of the supernatural, whether that emotion be founded on fact or fancy.

The King's horse, in fact, no longer obeyed his master, and it was only by the most expert horsemanship that the royal rider maintained his seat.

And, now, suddenly, he saw what terrified the animal; for there arose before him an immense stag, almost twice as large as any that had ever been seen before, white as snow, with great horns, like bleached ivory.

He fixed his immense and brilliant eyes upon horse and rider, and on the instant the former ran away at full speed, followed by the white stag—away over moss and mire!

Away, away, the white stag gaining all the while, until at last, with a shriek that only a terrified horse could utter, the creature fell, and lay prostrate and motionless, throwing the King.

The stag, with one wild leap, stood over the monarch, who gave himself up for dead, when suddenly a figure, strange and beautiful, stood beside him, and interposed a cross between those mighty horns and the King's person; and the stag, turning, fled back to the forest.

The hunters, missing the King, made search for him.

As they rode to and fro they caught glimpses of the white stag, but only as a flying vision; yet its color, its size, and its wonderful speed filled them with terror.

Finally they found the hunting-cap the King had worn upon the ground, and, following this clue, came at last to the spot where the King's horse lay, quite dead, its eyes wide open, as though fixed upon some terrifying object.

Near by lay the King himself, motionless, silent, pallid as a statue of marble. His white hands were clasped about a large cross.

At first they thought that he also was dead, but shortly he opened his eyes, and told them the tale just recorded.

Moreover, he said that since the flight of the stag he had dreamed a dream or had a vision.

A holy being, though he knew not what name belonged to it, had bade him build an abbey in the same place, to be called the Holy Rood Abbey, to dedicate it in honor of the Holy Cross which had saved his life, and to build it on the spot where he had fallen.

This tale and the sight of the cross so impressed the wild young nobles that they knelt about the King, and all devoutly adored the God whose mercy had so marvellously preserved their monarch, whom they then conveyed to the chapel, where the pious Aikwine still employed himself in devotion.

Here the cross, from which the King had never parted, was carefully examined. It was of wonderful and intricate workmanship, a miracle of delicate beauty; and no man could tell of what it was made, whether of wood or metal; and it was averred that, during the two hundred years during which this cross stood in the abbey, no one ever discovered of what it was carved; for the abbey was built and was known to fame long after the king who erected it slept in its tomb; and the cross kept its place until the son of Robert Bruce bethought him to take it into battle with him, when it fell into English hands, and belonged for a long while to Durham Cathedral, still a mystery.

For there never was before, nor has been since—so say those who ought to know—anything in the least like it as to texture.

As for the white stag, there were those who thought they caught glimpses of it flying over the woods and vales about the Castle of Edinburgh for many years, and who swore they saw it by moonlight tasting the waters of the Well of Holy Rood; and that, far away, faint bugles rang, and the sound of baying horns and hunters' cries on every "Rood Day" evening for a century or more.

KING HUMBERT is one of the hardest worked of monarchs. He rises at six, is busy all day, and seldom goes to bed until after midnight.

Scientific and Useful.

MELODY AND ELECTRICITY.—Melodious sounding electric whistles are a novelty, and are said to be taking the place of electric bells in France. The whistle is made by fitting a small brass tube with suitable apertures, so that it opens against the spring of a suitably formed communicator.

SHARPENING RAZORS.—To sharpen a razor place in water to which has been added one-twentieth of its weight of hydrochloric acid, remove after half an hour, wipe and rub upon bone. The acid acts like a whetstone and corrodes the whole surface uniformly. The process never injures good blades and often improves bad ones.

RHEUMATISM.—An English paper prints the following, as a speedy cure for rheumatism: One quart of milk, quite hot, into which stir one ounce of alum; this will make curds and whey. Bath the part affected with the whey until too cold. In the meantime keep the curds hot, and, after bathing, put them on as a poultice, wrap in flannel, and go to sleep (you can do it). Three applications should effect a perfect cure, even in aggravated cases.

PAPER GLASS.—Paper window glass is now said to be an assured fact. It is described as follows: "A window pane is made of white paper, manufactured from cotton or linen, and modified by chemical action. Afterward the paper is dipped in a preparation of camphor and alcohol, which makes it like parchment. From this point it can be molded and cut into remarkably tough sheets entirely transparent, and it can be dyed with almost the whole of the aniline colors, the result being a transparent sheet, showing far more vivid hues than the best glass exhibits."

STEEL OARS.—A Birmingham firm is making an oar in which the blade is made from the best sheet steel, highly tempered. It is put forward as being much stronger than the ordinary wooden one, and cannot be broken without undue violence. The handle fits into a socket running nearly the whole length of the blade and forming a back-bone of great strength. The oar, being much thinner in the blade than the wooden ones, enters and leaves the water cleaner. The handles are made separately, of ordinary spruce or ash, and, if broken, can be readily replaced.

AUTOGRAPHOMETER.—A French paper describes the "autographometer," an apparatus intended to record the topography of roads by an automatic apparatus, which is set in operation by the movement over the road to be examined of a small carriage containing the apparatus, and is controled in such a way by the movement of the car as to register all varieties of level and changes in directions. The mechanicism employed is quite simple. The wheels of the car set in motion drums, on which are wound strips of paper, and on these strips the record is made.

Farm and Garden.

OIL AND WOOD.—No oil penetrates wood as well as crude petroleum, none is so cheap and none so effective as a preservative.

DRY WEATHER.—Dry weather affects wagons, wheels, houses, and implements as well as stock. Good, well-seasoned lumber should always be used for building on the farm.

WEEDS.—In turning weeds under the work will be thrown away unless they be completely covered, as covering the roots only and leaving the tops out of ground will permit them to continue growing.

IN TIME.—Leaf-mold, rotten cow manure, and good garden loam in equal parts, with a small addition of sand, well mixed together, make a suitable soil for nearly all plants. Get it together in time for winter use.

FRESH AND STALE.—One of the principal causes of failure in preserving eggs is that in nearly all cases, where the eggs are collected from different sources, a few stale ones get in among those that are fresh, thus injuring all. Only strictly fresh eggs can be preserved.

FRUIT TREES.—The following is given as a good way to heal up wounds caused by the splitting of fruit trees by frost or other means: "Heat some grafting wax, dip a strip of muslin in it, and place it perpendicularly over the wound; then put three more narrow bands around the tree. This will be sufficient, and the healing process will go on rapidly.

MUD.—Mud in the barn-yard is a severe trial to stock, and plenty of absorbent material should be used freely in order to have the barn-yard as dry as possible. A filthy barn-yard often compels the stock to remain in the stalls instead of allowing it to be in the fresh air. Sheep cannot thrive unless the barn-yard be free from mud, while cows often have their udders covered, the dirt from which passes into the pail when they are milked.

TAR ON IRON.—To prevent finished iron from rusting, coat thinly with molten paraffine. Ten parts unsalted beef tallow and two parts resin melted together and well mixed may be applied while quite warm. Fresh hog lard ten parts, one part alum, one part resin melted, well mixed and applied warm, is also good. The first can be removed with a mixture of one part raw linseed oil and five parts turpentine while warm. The two last may be removed with spirits of turpentine.

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One's Enemies in Life.

To love an enemy, says one of the noblest writers in our language, is the distinguishing characteristic of a religion which is not of man, but of God. It could be delivered as a precept only by Him who lived and died to establish it by his example.

Of course, connected with this, it will be said, that our passions are not in our power; and, that, therefore, a precept, to love, or to hate, is impossible; for if the gratification of all our wishes was offered us to love a stranger as we love a child, we could not fulfil the condition, however we might desire the reward.

But admitting this to be true, and that we cannot love an enemy as we love a friend; it is yet equally certain, that we may perform those actions which are produced by love, from a higher principle: we may, perhaps, derive moral excellence from natural defects, and exert our reason instead of indulging a passion. If our enemy hungers we may feed him, and if he thirsts, we may give him drink: this, if we could love him, would be our conduct: and this may still be our conduct, though to love him is impossible. The Christian will be prompted to relieve the necessities of his enemy by his love to God.

But, though he who is beneficent upon these principles may, in the Scripture sense, be said to love his enemy; yet something more may still be effected: the passion itself in some degree is in our power; we may rise to a yet nearer emulation of forgiveness; we may think as well as act with kindness, and be sanctified as well in heart as in life.

Though love and hatred are necessarily produced in the human breast when the proper objects of those objects occur, as the color of material substances is necessarily perceived by an eye before which they are exhibited; yet it is in our power to change the passion, and to cause either love or hatred to be excited by placing the same object in different circumstances; as a changeable silk of blue and yellow may be held so as to excite the idea either of blue or yellow.

Among friends sallies of quick resentment are extremely frequent. Friendship is a continual reciprocation of benefits, to which the sacrifice of private interest is sometimes necessary; it is common for each to set too much value upon those which he bestows, and too little upon those which he receives; this mutual mistake is so important an estimation, produces mutual charges of unkindness and ingratitude; each, perhaps, professes himself ready to forgive, but neither will condescend to be forgiven. Pride, therefore, still increases the enmity which it began; the friend is considered as selfish, assuming, injurious, and revengeful; he consequently becomes an object of hatred; and while he is thus considered, to love him is impossible. But thus to consider him, is at once a folly and a fault; each ought to reflect that he is, at least in the opinion of the other, incurring the crimes that he imputes; than the foundation of their enmity is no more than a mistake, and that this mistake is the effect of weakness or vanity, which is common to all mankind; the character of both would then assume a very different aspect, love would again be excited by the return of its object, and each would be impatient to exchange acknowledgments, and recover the felicity which was so being lost.

But if, after we have admitted an acquaintance to our bosom as a friend, it should appear that we had mistaken his character, if he should betray our confidence, and use the knowledge of our affairs, which perhaps he obtained by offers of service, to effect our ruin; if he defames us to the world, and adds perjury to falsehod; we may still consider him in such circumstances as will incline us to fulfill the precept, and to regard him without the rancor of hatred or the fury of revenge.

Every character, however it may deserve punishment, excites hatred only in proportion as it appears to be malicious; and pure malice has never been imputed to human beings. The wretch who has thus injured and deceived us, should be considered as having ultimately intended, not evil to us but good to himself. It should also be remembered that he has mistaken the means; that he has forfeited the friendship of Him whose favor is better than life, by the same conduct which forfeited ours; and that to whatever view he sacrificed our temporal interest, to that also he sacrificed his own hope of immortality; that he is now seeking felicity which he can never find, and incurring punishment that will last forever. And how much better than this wretch is he, in whom the contemplation of his condition can excite no pity? Surely if such an enemy hungers, we may, without suppressing any passion, give him food; for who that sees a criminal dragged to execution, for whatever crime, would refuse him a cup of water?

On the contrary, he whom God has forgiven must necessarily become amiable to man; to consider his character without prejudice or partiality, after it has been changed by repentance, is to love him; and impartially to consider it, is not only our duty but our interest. Thus may we love our enemies, and add a dignity to our nature, of which pagan virtue had no conception. But if to love our enemies is the glory of a Christian, to treat others with coldness neglect, and malignity, is rather the reproach of a fiend than a man.

Mariners tell us that there are some parts of the sea where there is a strong current upon the surface going one way, but that down in the depths there is a strong current running in the other direction. Two seas do not meet and interfere with one another; but one stream of water on the surface is running in one direction, and another below is flowing from the opposite quarter. Now, here is a picture of Christian life; the Christian is like that. On the surface there is a stream of heaviness rolling with dark waves; but down in the depths there is a strong undercurrent of great rejoicing that is always flowing towards heaven.

The first class of readers may be compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand; it runs in and runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class resembles a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class is like a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slave of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserves only the pure gems.

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto that time was his estate; an estate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labors of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.

The grandest operations, both in nature and in grace, are the most silent and imperceptible. The shallow brook babbles in its passage, and is heard by every one; but the coming on of the seasons is silent and unseen. The storm rages and alarms, but its fury is soon exhausted, and its effects are partial and soon remedied; but the dew, though gentle and unheard, is immense in quantity, and the very life of large portions of the earth. And these are pictures of the operations of grace in the church and in the soul.

Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry waste within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future dear, the doubt which makes us hesitate, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardships which forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust, are true nourishment of our natural being.

Let a man choose what condition he will, and let him accumulate around him all the goods and all the gratifications seemingly calculated to make him happy in it; if that man is left at any time without occupation or amusement, and reflects on what he is, the meagre, languid felicity of his present lot will not bear him up. He will turn necessarily to gloomy anticipations of the future; and except, therefore, his occupation calls him outside of himself, he is inevitably wretched

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Society is infected with rude, cynical, restless and frivolous persons who prey upon the rest, and whom no public opinion concentrated into good manners, forms accepted by the sense of all, can reach; the contradictors and railers at public and private tables, who are like terriers, who conceive it the duty of a dog of honor to growl at any passer-by, and do the honors of the house by barking him out of sight.

One way to keep young is to associate with young people; and in general it may be said that it is impossible to retain one's youth without doing this. But it is easier said than done. Unless you can retain your interest in the things that please young people you will not want to associate with them nor they with you. There must be something in common—something more than the mere vague desire on your part to be like the young ones.

Those who are in the power of evil habits must conquer them as best they can; and conquered they must be, or neither wisdom nor happiness can be obtained; but those who are not yet subject to their influence, may, by timely caution, preserve their freedom; they may effectually resolve to escape the tyrant, whom they will very vainly resolve to conquer.

In these days half of our diseases come from the neglect of the body in the overwork of the brain. In this railway age the wear and tear of labor and intellect go on without pause or self-pity. We live longer than our forefathers, but we suffer more from a thousand artificial anxieties and cares. They fatigued only the muscles; we exhaust the finer strength of the nerves.

He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping. Therefore be sure you look to that. And in the next place look to your health; and if you have it praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy; therefore be thankful for it.

Do not stand wishing, waiting for that which may happen to a fellow-creature, or in his life. You do not know what power you may have hold of, or how your secret sin may work for you, making you guilty of the event.

If you would relish your food labor for it; if you would enjoy your raiment pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly take a clear conscience to bed with you.

Work with all the ease and speed you can without breaking your head.

I would rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong.

The World's Happenings.

Paris is said to consume nearly fifty tons of snails in a season.

A hunter in Nine Pierre, D. T., recently killed a rabbit four feet long.

An Iona, Mich., justice of the peace has begun suit for a wedding fee.

John Allen, of Maine, who is 93 years old, is attending his 57th camp meeting.

There are 35,000 newspapers in the world, of which 15,000 are in the United States.

In the last 13 years the United States has received 4,000,000 emigrants from the Old World.

The boys of Portchester, N. Y., have a base ball ground provided for them at the expense of the village.

It has been discovered in Paris that the contents of many of the letter boxes are systematically burned.

The number of female physicians in New York is now placed at 130, including many whose yearly income runs as high as $10,000.

A "professor of swimming," who advertises to teach the art in six lessons, was rescued from drowning at a seaside resort a few days ago.

Mme. Trelat left nearly all her property—about $400,000—to the Paris municipality to found a school for the training of young girls in household duties.

A Rutland, Vt., paper states that John Craig, who recently visited that place weighs 400 pounds and is the heaviest man in that part of the country.

More able bodied men attended base ball games on the Fourth of July than the armies of the nation numbered at any time during the Revolutionary War.

Chatham county, N. C., has a venerable mule that is known to be 57 years old. He is described as looking "very sage" and moving with "the utmost deliberation."

A red-hot poker, which she thrust down her throat, was the extraordinary instrument of self-destruction selected by a dissipated woman of Charlottetown, N. S., recently.

A Spanish rooster that a Westchester county N. Y., deputy sheriff was lately presented with has started in by killing a cat and digging the eyes out of a terrier dog on the place.

The oleomargarine receipts are now averaging $900 per day at the revenue office in Chicago, although this is the dull season. This indicates the manufacture to be 67,500 pounds per day.

A rheumatic cure is the favorite tipple of the Indian on one reservation in Washington Territory, a local newspaper says, and on another they get just as drunk on a brand of Jamaica ginger.

M—— says that each summer he catches about a bushel of flies which he kills and dries and feeds to his mocking birds in the winter. Before feeding he soaks the flies and that "freshens them up."

At the Fourth of July celebration at Danville, Ill., the wife of a Methodist minister won twenty-five yards of carpet by exhibiting a family of thirteen children, eleven of them under 21 years of age.

A resident of Danielsville, Me., was lately wheeling a wheelbarrow load of brick, on top of which was his son aged eight years. The lad fell and was run over by the wheelbarrow and instantly killed.

A physician living near the sea says that during the past five years he has noted the hour and minute of death in 23 patients, and every one has gone out with the tide save four, who died suddenly by accident.

A paper beer bottle is to be the next achievement in the bottle line. Ink, paints, oils, and certain acids have for some time past been put in paper bottles as being safer from breakage and freezing than those made of glass.

Out of twenty young men who competed for a West Point cadetship at Westfield, Mass., ten were rejected by the physician because they had the tobacco heart brought on by cigarette smoking. They were unfit for West Point service.

Last week a passenger on a Long Island Sound steamer forgot in his berth a package of securities said to be valued at $200,000. At Boston he discovered his loss, and telegraphed to the boat officers in time to rescue the bundle from the rubbish barrel.

A dog was released from pound at Buffalo, N. Y., last week, by the local S. P. C. A., which subscribed the needed amount because the owner of the dog, a poor man, said, with tears in his eyes, that the animal was the only friend he had left to him on earth.

Half a dozen turtles fell with the rain that flooded New Brunswick, N. J., one day recently. This was considered mysterious until the cause was learned. The turtles had been left on a neighboring roof to sun, and when the rain came they were washed off.

A Georgia man owned a guinea hen that wanted to set. Her nest was broken up several times, and at length, with every appearance of extreme dejection, she walked to the well, flew up on the curbing, and with a rasping cry plunged head first into the water. When she was taken out she was dead.

There is said to be a man in Leadville, Col., who can tell by the tingling sensation in his fingers when he walks over a body of ore. He is a fine mineral detector. His powers are said to have been thoroughly tested, and he has earned large sums by his peculiar gifts, but his fondness for fare keeps him poor.

A match was played a day or two ago near Leavenworth, Kan, between a soldiers' nine from Fort Leavenworth, and a local nine, and because the latter won a veteran from the Leavenworth Soldiers' Home jumped from a bridge into the Raw river. He was rescued, but seemed to have lost all interest in all mortal affairs because his nine had been beaten.

WHEN THE SHIPS COME HOME.

BY KATE T. SIZER.

Only a gleam on a snowy sail,
From the red sun ere he sinks to rest,
And a group of women, sad-eyed and pale,
Watching it fading away in the west.

Then sobs and prayers, and a straining gaze,
As the ship floats out of the shell'ring bay,
And the sea mist rises, a tender haze
Veiling the light of the dying day.

Only a gleam on a snowy sail,
Speeding the shining waters o'er;
With white wings spread to the summer gale
The ship rides into the bay once more.

Then cries of joy, and the close embrace,
And the love-light dawning in tearful eyes,
While the merry morning sunbeams chase
The shades of night from the azure skies.

Lilian's Lovers.

BY HENRY FRITH.

DINNER was over; Miss Macpherson had retired to the drawing-room with Lilian Champion, leaving her brother, Dr. Macpherson, to enjoy half an hour's chat with his guest.

"So you're going to settle down in England again, are you, Fairchild?" said the Doctor. "I'm glad to hear it."

"You're very good."

"And whereabouts are you going to train up your vine and plant your fig-tree?"

"I'm afraid I must wait a while before I settle down to that extent," replied Fairchild with a smile. "I'm an unattached bachelor, and some chambers in town are the nearest I shall get to having a home of my own."

"It's time you married," said the Doctor in a fatherly way.

"I acknowledge it, but I've managed to spend thirty-two years without a wife, so that I feel no urgent call to try and win one."

Herbert Fairchild was not, perhaps, speaking the whole truth. Had the worthy doctor been gifted with more acute powers of observation, he might have noticed that his guest's face had perceptibly fallen when Lilian left the room, and that, even now, his eyes were on the door through which she had disappeared.

The doctor, however, saw nothing, and was quite unconscious of the skill with which Fairchild managed to bring round the talk to the subject which interested him so much.

Not that he was in love with Miss Champion. He had met her but three times since his return from a long residence abroad. Still, he was conscious that he would not have visited Dr. Macpherson even three times in the fortnight, had he and his sister been the only occupants of Glenfoyle.

"Yes," said the Doctor in reply to some question of Fairchild's, "she has been my ward now for eight years, and will be of age next year. I suppose she will even then remain with us; she looks on this as her home."

"You must not make too sure of her remaining long," said Fairchild, meaning to find out whether there was anyone else in the field before him.

The Doctor's face perceptibly darkened.

"I suppose not," he replied; "a girl with her charms and good looks, and with a considerable, though not large, portion, is likely enough to find admirers."

"Of course," assented Fairchild mechanically.

"By-the-bye," said the Doctor suddenly, "do you know anything of a Mr. Blake—Rodney Blake?"

Fairchild looked puzzled.

"The name seems familiar to me," he replied; "I'm sure I must have heard it somewhere, or I should never recognize it so readily. But I can't associate it with anyone."

"No, of course; it's improbable to the last degree," assented Mr. Macpherson. "There was just the chance. I want to learn something about him if I can. He's been here a good deal lately."

"Oh, indeed," said Fairchild, not knowing what to say.

"I'm afraid he's heard that Lilian has ten thousand pounds," said the Doctor with an uneasy smile. "I wish she hadn't when I see him about. I've taken an immense dislike to him."

Fairchild wondered why he was chosen as a confidant. It was true that he and Lilian had been playfellows when children, and that he was a connection of the Doctor's.

The fact was, the Doctor wanted to talk to someone about Blake, and found so little sympathy on the part of his sister that he took advantage of the first person whose relationship warranted a disclosure.

"You see the worst of it is, that Lilian evidently likes him very much, I'm afraid. That gives him a strong position, and it has prejudiced me against him to find that he takes advantage of it. Perhaps I am too prejudiced against him; it is difficult for an old fogy like me to welcome a man who wants to take away my Lilian."

"Of course."

"I don't know much about him; he has not given me the right to demand particulars yet. But if, by any chance, you should find out anything about him, I wish you would let me know—in confidence, of course. I don't want Lilian to lose her heart to a fellow who does not deserve her."

Fairchild promised, and soon after the two men joined the ladies. Lilian sang and played to them, but one at least did not spend so pleasant an evening as he had anticipated.

Fairchild left early, as he had to return to Windsor, where he was staying. He was on the qui vive to discover anything, even a glance, which might imply that Lilian regretted his departure, but was forced to confess that, if he had been a married man, she could not have been less neutral, though she was as charming as could be.

Fairchild did not go to bed early that night. He lit a cigar, and sat up in his bedroom with a novel—he was staying at an hotel. He wished he had not gone near Glenfoyle.

As it was, he had seen Lilian just often enough to unsettle his mind, without having the satisfaction of having made the slightest impression on her.

He read twenty pages of his novel whilst he was smoking his cigar. On resuming his book, after lighting a fresh one, he could not find his place, nor could he remember what he had been reading about—not a word stayed in his memory.

Reading was evidently a waste of time. He threw down the book, and began thinking.

Rodney Blake! He had heard the name before, he was sure. When?

He got up and fished his desk out of his portmanteau. He kept a rough diary, jotting down memoranda day by day sufficient to remind him of the chief events which had occurred. He commenced reading this diary from the first page. Perhaps Blake's name might occur in it.

Although the name he was in search of did not appear, he came across an entry which put him on the right scent. It was on a piece of foreign letter-paper, roughly gummed into the book.

It consisted of part of a letter from a cousin in India, almost entirely about business, but referring shortly to a scandal in the regiment which had cost the writer fifty pounds.

Like a flash the rest of the letter crossed Fairchild's memory. The scandal was the misappropriation of regimental funds by the surgeon, and the surgeon's name was Rodney Blake.

At first he was quite sure about it; but as he turned the page over he began to doubt. It was ten years ago—he might be mistaken; he had been puzzling over the name of Blake so long that he might have unconsciously attributed it to the wrong individual.

It was, however, easy to make sure. He wrote a letter to his cousin, now stationed at Gibraltar, asking for details of the affair and for some means of identifying the actual culprit.

That done, he went to bed. He could not get an answer for some days, and could do nothing till he received one.

On second thoughts, though, which visited him the next day, he could pay another visit to Glenfoyle. He had nothing decisive to report, but if he could persuade the Doctor to try and put a stop to Blake's visits for the present, it would be worth while doing so.

Glenfoyle was on the outskirts of Reading, near the river. The Mackphersons kept a boat, and Fairchild had some hope of an hour or two on the water with Lilian. But his hopes were disappointed. On reaching the house, he found that the Doctor and his sister were out, and that Miss Champion was with a gentleman in the garden.

Fairchild looked at the staid old servant who opened the door to him.

"Surely I know your face?" he said.

"I hope so, sir: it was one of the first you ever saw," she replied.

"Why, you're Susan!" cried Fairchild, holding out his hand.

"Yes I am, Master Herbert, and I should have known you in a moment, though I haven't seen you since you were a boy."

"Are you living here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. I haven't left Miss Lilian ever since she was a baby, and that's twenty years ago."

Fairchild was unfeignedly glad to meet his old nurse, and she, on her part, was highly delighted. It was not long before she had confided to him the full history of Lilian, with many expressions of hope and fear.

They were talking in the breakfast-room from which the garden could be seen. Presently Lilian appeared on the lawn, walking beside a gentleman, who was talking earnestly to her.

"Who is that?" asked Fairchild.

"That's Mr. Blake, sir," she replied; "and I wish he had never come near the place. He's bewitched Miss Lilian, that's what he's done. She thinks that because he speaks fair, and has a big moustache, that he must be everything that he ought to be; but I think he's after her money, and I've as good as told her so."

At this moment the Doctor and Miss Macpherson returned, and the interview was cut short. They all adjourned to the garden, and Fairchild was introduced to Mr. Blake, who was as warmly welcomed by Miss Macpherson as he was received coldly by the Doctor.

The latter took an early opportunity of being alone with Fairchild.

"You haven't heard anything about him, I suppose?" he asked.

Fairchild was in a quandary. It seemed a wrong thing to do to make an accusation of the truth of which he was not sure. At the same time he saw it was high time that something was done. Lilian's pleasure in Blake's company was too evident.

He decided that it was his duty to speak.

"I'll tell you all I know," he said, and proceeded to give the Doctor the grounds for his suspicion.

"I will respect your confidence," the Doctor said. "I will manage to take Lilian away somewhere for a week, and by that time you will have heard something definite. We had better join the others now."

Mr. Blake proved himself a very pleasant companion during the afternoon, which, notwithstanding, was not an agreeable one for Fairchild.

He could see that there was an understanding between Lilian and Blake of a much more intimate nature than the good Doctor suspected. He was half afraid that his interference, even should it be justified, would come too late.

He did not accept the Doctor's invitation to stay to dinner. He felt that he was only in the way, and that in his present mood he was far from a pleasant addition to any circle. The only company he was fit for was his own, and he did not feel in the humor for enjoying even that.

Blake remained, to the Doctor's annoyance, but Miss Macpherson had asked him at Lilian's request. The Doctor determined that this should be the last time they should meet, until Fairchild was able to bring some decisive report.

Even he could not blind him self to the fact that Blake seemed to have entered on a new stage of his relations with Lilian; his attentions were, perhaps, not more marked than usual, but they were of a different kind, more in accordance with those of an accepted than a hopeful lover.

"I will spin out dinner as long as I can," said the Doctor to himself, "and manage to keep him with me after Lilian has gone away. He's fond enough of my wine; there ought not to be any difficulty in making him keep near it."

Had the Doctor only been aware of it, Blake's thoughts were similar to his own. He, too, was looking forward to the tete-a-tete after dinner, and his interest in it was at least as great as his host's.

Similarly, too, Blake was not quite easy in his mind. He was quite conscious that Dr. Macpherson disliked him, and he regretted it. But he did not pay so much attention to the fact as might have been expected.

The truth was that he had proposed to Lilian and had been accepted. He had fascinated her, and she responded to his declaration with all the passion of a girl's first romance. He had her completely in his power. Miss Macpherson was his ally; what more could he want?

He had some hope that the Doctor would not have the courage to oppose him. If he did—as of course he had the right to do—it would be time enough then to decide what must be done.

There was a meaning look between Lilian and her lover as she left the dining-room. He held the door open for the ladies to pass out, and managed to whisper:

"Don't be afraid, my darling."

Dr. Macpherson was vaguely uneasy as Blake pulled up his chair to the table and poured himself out a glass of wine. He did not delay long before beginning to say why he had paid this visit.

"You may have guessed, sir," he said, "what I want to say to you. I want to have your consent to my marriage with Miss Champion."

The Doctor was taken by surprise. There was no need for him to say so; his face showed it.

"You surely must have seen my admiration of her. Even had I wished to do so, I could not have concealed it entirely."

"Yes—yes," assented the Doctor; "I have observed it, but none the less you take me by surprise now. Have you spoken to Lilian?"

"I have reason to believe that my suit will not be unwelcome to her."

"That means, I suppose, that you have asked her to be your wife?"

"Yes," assented Blake rather hesitatingly. "I hope," he continued, "that I have not been mistaken in thinking that my visits to your house, and my attentions to Miss Champion, were not unwelcome to you. You acknowledged just now that you had observed that I admired her, and, as you did not give me to understand that I was intruding, I felt no hesitation in continuing to accept your hospitality."

The Doctor felt that he was in a dilemma. He resolved to temporize.

"You can scarcely expect me to give an answer on the spot," he said gravely. "Lilian is my ward, and is still under age. You will, of course, be able to satisfy me thoroughly as to your position and prospects. You must acknowledge that I have had very little opportunity of learning anything about you till now."

"I acknowledge it," was the reply. "I shall be able to convince you that my income is sufficient to warrant my marriage. I have, as you know, a consulting practice in London."

"Yes—yes; I have no doubt that all will be satisfactory," said the Doctor, as a new idea struck him. "If everything turns out as it should, and Lilian accepts you, I shall be quite ready to give my consent."

"You are very good."

"But, as I said just now, Lilian is still under age, and, perhaps, more inexperienced than most girls of her age. One thing I must insist on, and that is, that she does not marry till next year, when she will be twenty-one."

"Really, sir——" began Blake.

"That is a condition I cannot waive," said the Doctor, thinking that by this means he ensured ample time for an examination into Blake's eligibility.

"I must say, I fail to see the reason or justice of your condition," replied Blake with more warmth than he had hitherto shown. "Taking it for granted that I am able to thoroughly satisfy you as to my position, what reason have you for postponing our marriage beyond the date which Lilian may desire?"

"Surely," retorted the Doctor with some sharpness, "it is scarcely for you to require me to explain to you the motive which may guide me in my conditions."

"With all due respect for you as Lilian's guardian, I must protest against your right to make unreasonable conditions. They reflect on me."

"In what way?"

"Inasmuch as they imply that you have some motive for delaying our marriage. What is it? Do you know anything derogatory to my character? If so, refuse your permission, but do not make it contingent on my being able to clear myself from a false accusation."

The Doctor lay back in his chair, and was silent for a minute or two. He was thinking whether he could by any chance put out a feeler to discover whether Blake had ever been an army surgeon in India.

Before he could make up his mind, Blake began to speak.

"I must demand a decisive answer, sir," he said firmly.

If there were one thing more than another needed to confirm the Doctor in his suspicions, it was Blake's persistence. Why should a man who had nothing in his past life to hide be so anxious for a speedy marriage.

"I thought my answer was plain enough, sir," he said coldly. "When you have satisfied me as regards your position and so forth, my sanction will be given to your engagement, but under no circumstances to your being married till Lilian is of age."

Blake finished his glass of claret.

"Very well, sir, I must try and be satisfied with your reply, which is certainly distinct enough. Shall we join the ladies?"

"If you wish," replied the doctor, thinking that he might have let him suggest the move to the drawing room.

In spite of the doctor's efforts there were

not wanting opportunities for Blake to speak a few words in a whisper to Lilian. Her guardian would not have been reassured had he overheard what was said.

"I shall write to you to-morrow," he said in a low tone, as he turned over some music.

"Doesn't uncle consent?"

"No; I'll tell you all about it. Could you be at Caversham Lock to-morrow at three?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Then I'll meet you. Don't say any more now; he's watching us."

All this was mystery to Lilian, who had hitherto found her guardian ready to accede to her every wish. It had never struck her for a moment that he would object to her marrying Rodney Blake, and it had caused her a shock when she saw the two men enter the drawing-room. It was evident in a moment that things had not gone smoothly.

After making the appointment for next day, Blake did not remain long. He made no further effort to speak to Lilian, and as he went he told the Doctor that on him must devolve the duty of communicating to Lilian what was necessary.

This interview with his ward was scarcely more easy to the good-natured gentleman than the one with her lover. But Lilian received the news with more calm than he had anticipated.

"You don't think it unreasonable in me to wish to have you with me a little longer?" he asked her with a smile.

"No," she replied; "it seems all right enough. But why did not Mr. Blake come up to me when you came into the room?"

"I suppose he has taken my condition as equivalent to a refusal," he replied.

"But it isn't?" she persisted.

"Well, no; not at present," he said gravely. "Take my advice, Lilian, don't be in a hurry—be content to wait."

Lilian looked up puzzled, but said no more. She was thinking that when to-morrow came she would hear all about it from Rodney, and have the mystery explained. Her guardian was pleased with her acquiescence, and hoped that her affection for Blake was not so strong as he feared.

Blake left the house with his mind made up. He had not lived for nearly forty years without observing his fellow-creatures, especially as he often had to live upon his wits. He had watched the Doctor carefully during their interview, even at the time when he was speaking with most warmth.

Everything had gone on with pleasant smoothness in the matter of his wooing till that afternoon. Then he had been introduced to Fairchild. That was a name he was not likely to forget. One owner of it had nearly ruined his career years before, when he was a regimental surgeon in India.

He could not help fearing that this Fairchild might be a relation of the Captain Fairchild who had been the chief means of discovering his defalcations. If so the affair would probably have reached his ears, and he would naturally inform the Doctor. When he saw the two men in close conclave he concluded that what he feared had occurred.

Before his after-dinner interview was over he was sure of it. It was evident the Doctor suspected something. If he had been sure he would at once have accused him; if he had suspected nothing he would not have been so firm and unreasonable.

His course was clear. If he accepted the Doctor's condition his marriage was made impossible, for his history would be known long before the close of the year. He must marry at once, too, for it to bring him any good.

He wanted money. If he could marry Lilian he could stave off his creditors, as he would have good security, but unless he married her very soon his affairs would become too involved for concealment to be longer possible.

Perhaps, after all, it was for the best. If Lilian loved him so ardently as he believed, she would not hesitate to give up all for him, even to the extent of eloping with him. It was with that idea that he endeavored to impress Lilian with the notion that his pretensions to her hand had been rejected.

He felt very tired when he reached his hotel. He had not been well lately, his business troubles had been exceedingly wearying, and the shock he had received that afternoon in finding Fairchild on the scene had upset him.

Doctor though he was, he had taken to the habit recently of indulging in doses of opium; he found that he was often unable to sleep unless he took a few drops. But he had sense enough to indulge himself as rarely as possible.

On this evening, however, he took a dose, knowing that he would not sleep unless he did so, and it was imperative that he should be at his best next day. He always carried a small phial with him in order not to be without it, should his need for it be imperative when he was out of reach of a chemist's.

He woke at eleven next morning refreshed. He had led Dr. Macpherson to believe that he intended to return to London the previous evening, so that he had no fear but that Lilian would be able to keep her appointment, as she enjoyed to the full the liberty of an English girl in the country.

He made his way by a circuitous route to the lock, arriving there at a quarter to three. He kept a sharp look-out, and soon descried Lilian at a distance. He hastened to meet her; they took a path where it would be improbable they would be seen.

"What does it all mean?" was her first question.

"Did Dr. Macpherson say nothing to you last night?"

"He told me you had proposed for me, and that he had given nothing but his conditional consent."

"Conditional on what?"

"On our not marrying till next year."

"Did he give you the impression that on that condition we might consider ourselves engaged?" asked Blake.

Lilian hesitated.

"He did not seem to quite say he consented," she replied, "and he hinted that everything was not quite as he would like it to be. What did he mean?"

"He meant that he would never give his consent, and that he wanted to soften the blow by simply postponing it. He will never consent!"

"Why not?" asked Lilian eagerly.

"Because he dislikes me."

"Why? How can he?"

"It is not so difficult," he replied with a slight smile; "but, as he would not tell me the reason, I cannot answer your question. I thought him open and generous till last night, and now—well, I dare say I am prejudiced against him, because he wishes to separate us."

"I cannot believe it," she cried.

"It is true. Has he said a word to make you think he looks upon me as even possibly engaged to you?"

Lilian reflected, and unconsciously interpreted all the Doctor had said in the most unfavorable way.

"He cannot—he shall not separate us," she said firmly.

"He can, and he will."

"Rodney!" she exclaimed, stopping suddenly and laying her hand on his, "do you mean it?"

He took her hand.

"Yes, unless you love me as much as I hope."

"I love you more than my life."

"My own!" he whispered.

The terrible dread which had seized her heart died away as he spoke, and a fit of sobbing relieved her. When she was calm again, Blake put before her, with all the power he was capable of, the necessity of acting for themselves.

He invented reasons of a powerful kind why they should marry at once, not scrupling to draw on his imagination, in view of the terrible probability that, unless he won her consent to his wish, every chance of winning her would soon vanish.

He need scarcely have pleaded so hard; she was only too ready to acquiesce. In her eyes, whatever he did was right; whatever he proposed, wise.

Before they separated, she had promised to meet him the next morning but one, and be married in London. He was to return to London at once, and obtain the necessary licence.

Meanwhile Fairchild was expecting every day to hear from his cousin. Blake had been very civil to him when they met at Glenfoyle, and Fairchild did not imagine that he would be identified as a relation of the Captain Fairchild who was formerly only too well known to the ex-army surgeon. Still, he was uneasy; he could not be the first visited by the king. Already the approach to it was thronged with people. The courtiers, in their magnificent state dresses, were grouped along the path where the king was to pass, and their attendants and slaves were massed behind them.

"There is a prime minister, Ruby," said Mrs. Reynolds. "Are not his cloth of gold help imagining that matters had gone too far to be easily set right, and that even if Lilian were saved it would be at the cost of much suffering.

On Wednesday night the expected letter came. It left not the slightest doubt as to the identity of Blake, and showed him to be a man utterly unfitted to have the love of Lilian.

Fairchild put the letter carefully in his pocket. He thought at first of writing to the Doctor that night, but on second thoughts resolved to carry his news himself the next morning.

He did not sleep well that night. The certainty that at last the field would be open to him excited him, and he spent some hours in vain imaginings of future happiness. He finally dropped off into a troubled slumber, and woke late with a bad headache.

There was only one letter for him; it had the Reading postmark. He did not recognize the handwriting. He opened it and glanced at the signature—"Your faithful old nurse, Susan Griffiths."

"What on earth is she writing to me about?" was his mental query. But as he read the short, strangely-worded letter, his interest became intense.

It told him shortly that Lilian, having first bound her not to say a word to her guardian or Miss Macpherson, had confessed that she was going to London by the train on Thursday morning to meet Mr. Blake. It piteously appealed to Fairchild to try and meet her, and prevent her doing what she would regret all her lifetime.

Fairchild crushed the letter into his pocket and seized his hat. He had not breakfasted, but what of that? He ran downstairs and snatched up the time-table. He found there was plenty of time for him to reach Paddington before the time named.

The train started immediately. When he was in the carriage it struck him that perhaps he might have reached Reading before Lilian started, but a reference to the time-table showed that it was doubtful. If only he had risen at his usual hour!

He had half an hour to spare when he reached the terminus. He went into the refreshment-room to get a cup of coffee; he felt weary and done up. He had not been there many minutes when he felt a hand on his arm. He turned round quickly and saw Blake at his elbow.

"Good-morning," said the latter, who had had time to decide upon his tactics. The moment he had caught sight of Fairchild he knew why he was come, or at least suspected it. "Are you going down this morning?"

"Yes, I expect so," replied Fairchild.

"So am I; perhaps we may travel together, if you are bound for Reading, as I am."

Fairchild reflected that if only he could keep close to Blake, he was sure of not missing Lilian. He would have preferred to see Lilian alone, but did not know exactly where she and Blake were to meet. So he responded as cordially as he could to his companion's advances.

"I see you are having a second breakfast," remarked Blake; "I think I will have some coffee too."

He ordered the waiter to bring it.

"You look very seedy this morning," he added to Fairchild; "I think a little brandy would do you good."

"I am rather unwell," assented Fairchild.

"Waiter, some brandy," cried Blake. "You must put some in your coffee," he added; "I'm a medical man, and prescribe it. Have you your ticket? I'm just going to get mine whilst my coffee cools. Shall I get yours?"

Fairchild had to decide in a moment.

"Let me go," he said, rising; "I will be back in a moment."

"As you like," replied Blake.

Fairchild had argued that, if Blake left him, he could easily give him the slip. On the other hand he himself could leave the refreshment-room and get a porter to fetch the tickets whilst he kept his eye on the door. He did so, and was soon back in his place. Blake had not quitted the corner in which they were sitting.

But during Fairchild's short absence, his companion had drawn a small phial from his pocket and quietly poured a few drops into the cup from which Fairchild had been drinking. There was no one about, and his action, hidden by a newspaper, was unobserved.

"Thanks, very much," he said as Fairchild gave him his ticket. "There's your brandy; don't spare it; you want it."

Fairchild poured some into his cup, and drank it off.

"It tastes queerly," he observed.

"They don't give you very good spirits at railway-stations," replied Blake. But Fairchild did not quite catch what he said. He felt his head was behaving strangely. There was a slight ringing in his ears, and he was losing power over his faculties. He made an effort to rouse himself, but a conviction gained on him that it was not worth while. He did not remember anything more.

When he awoke he could not make out what had occurred. He found himself lying on a bed in a large ward. He felt very sick and faint. An attendant soon came to him, and he discovered he was in a hospital.

An hour's rest and some refreshment revived him considerably, and with returning consciousness came remembrance of what had happened. He looked at his watch in dread; it was past five o'clock.

He sank back in despair. He was too late. Before this Lilian was married, and married to a man who had not scrupled to poison him; for he had no doubt that Blake had drugged him, though he could not guess how. It was just within the bounds of possibility that the brandy, taken before he had eaten any solid food, had overcome him, but it did not seem probable.

As soon as the house-physician gave him leave, and the necessary formalities were over, he drove to Paddington to make the journey to Reading. He would see the Doctor, and tell him all—not that it would do much good.

He only just caught the train. He sat with the window open, and the cool air refreshed him. He felt himself again by the time Reading was reached.

He jumped out of the train, and stumbled against a man descending from the next compartment. He thought for a moment that he must still be dreaming, for it was Rodney Blake.

It was no dream, however. Fairchild took his arm.

"Are you going to Glenfoyle?" he asked.

"Yes," was Blake's short reply.

"We will go together, then. I have something to tell Dr. Macpherson which it may interest you to hear."

"What is it?"

"The contents of a letter from my cousin, Major Fairchild. You knew him in India when he was Captain Fairchild."

Blake shook himself free.

"You may go alone," he said with an oath.

Fairchild hesitated whether to let him go off or whether to pursue the subject of their morning encounter. He decided that no good could come of doing so. His illness had been noticed before his fainting, and Blake would be able to clear himself from all hand in it. So Fairchild turned on his heel, and left him.

He could not make it out. One thing was certain—Lilian and Blake had not met.

He took a cab to Glenfoyle in great excitement. When he arrived he found everything in confusion.

A few words put the Doctor in possession of what had occurred.

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed. "By a most providential chance a schoolfellow of Lilian's came unexpectedly yesterday, and my sister persuaded her to stay the night. Lilian behaved so strangely that I thought she was ill, and sent for the doctor, who was to come at ten in the morning. Lilian, however, insisted on going out, but I was so convinced that something was wrong that I insisted on my sister's accompanying her. Then she became hysterical, and Dr. Cope ordered her to keep her bed for the day."

It was a narrow escape. When she found that it was impossible for her to leave the house alone, she tried to persuade her old nurse to telegraph to Blake, but Susan firmly refused. Blake saw several trains in, and then returned to his house, hoping to find a telegram, but as none had arrived he returned to the station. At last he determined to go to Glenfoyle, and find out the meaning of Lilian's failure to keep her appointment. He kept a sharp lookout for Fairchild, who escaped being seen by only just catching his train.

The news of her lover's unworthiness, which had to be told her, affected poor Lilian painfully. At first she would not believe it, but was forced to do so at last, especially as further proof was not wanting in his silence. She was ill for some weeks; when she recovered, she asked that Rodney Blake's name might never be mentioned to her.

Fairchild acted wisely, and let some months pass by before he made any attempt to win her affection. She did not know what part he had borne in saving her from Blake, for Susan kept silent and so did the others. But she knew it afterwards—when they were married.

Number Twenty-Two.

BY P. O. L.

EXPERIENCE! Well, I should say so! I ain't been keeping lodgers nigh on two-and-twenty years this autumn without having had some little experience. Shall I tell you one? Well, yes, if you don't mind hearing an old woman talk.

There, let me take the easy-chair yonder; then with my knitting I can get on better.

It was when I first started keeping lodgers; my man he was very particular as to references; wouldn't think nohow of taking folks without knowing who and what they were. Many a time he has said to me, "Betty, don't judge a book by the cover." You see, sir, I was apt to do that; I was a very simple-minded woman indeed in them days.

But to go back to my story: I was sitting by the window one afternoon in the early part of November. It was a raw, chilly day, with a light snow falling. I felt low-spirited like, and no wonder, with my third-story-back standing for the past fortnight without a tenant, no hope of getting one, and a big rent hanging over my head.

How long I would have sat and thought I don't know had not a loud knock at the door startled me.

"You bring in the candles, and I'll wait on the door," I said to Mary, my little maid.

My caller was a young woman. As it was just dusk, I could not see her features. Her voice was so soft and low that I judged she belonged to the upper class.

I asked her to step into the sitting-room, for I can tell you she was welcome, as she was in search of lodgings.

"How cheerful!" she said, as she looked at the bright fire; and no wonder she thought so, coming in from the cold and darkness.

The rooms suited her exactly, as did the price, which was more than I had ever dreamed of getting for them. There was nothing left but to ask for her references, yet somehow I shrank from doing this. You see she had lifted her veil in order to see the place better, and a more lovely face I never saw.

If I have a weakness, it is for a pretty face. Most plain women have a sort of envy or dislike for good looks, but not I. I often wondered how my man ever fancied me, I am such a plain woman. Surely he never judged the book by its cover, or I would never be sitting here now, as Mrs. Griggs, telling you this yarn.

There, now, I am wandering again. Let me see—where was I? Yes, she was a very beautiful woman—a mere girl, rather; scarcely twenty, I should judge. What could bring her here alone this wretched night in search of lodgings? She wore no finery, yet her clothing was of the finest quality, and I knew she was a gentlewoman. Something wrong, I thought.

"Well, miss," I said, trying to look stern and set like. "I always want a reference from my lodgers. Of course you can give me one," I added, looking straight into the girl's face.

Well, sir, what do you think she said? She looked at me, her great blue eyes filling with tears, and said—

"No, I can give you none." And her sweet mouth trembled.

She stood up as if to go, too proud to plead for lodgings. Would I let her stay? What would my man say to this young woman coming under his roof, from Heaven only knew where, with no character to show? Here was a book with a mighty fine cover, and I wondered what the leaves would be like.

I walked to the window, looking out at the falling snow and the darkness. I shuddered as I thought of that young creature going out into its dangers. Then, sir, my mind was made up. I would not turn her from my door. She was a woman, and London is a big city. No, she should stay at any cost, even to bringing my husband's temper upon me; and, I tell you, he was a terrible man when he got riled! She should stay, this poor helpless girl, if she never paid me a farthing. Betty Griggs

never turned an unprotected female from her door.

"You can stay. I shall send Mary to light a fire in your room. If there is anything you need," I added, turning to go, "you can ring, Miss. I forgot to ask your name."

Mrs. Erwin," she said, coloring at the false name; for false it was, sir, though she had good reasons for taking it.

I went downstairs to give Mary her orders, while I sat to thinking. Mind, I was not thinking whether I was right or not, and I wasn't sorry for acting as I did. I was wondering if that pretty young creature upstairs was really a wife.

"If you please, ma'am," said the maid, coming in at that moment, "will I bring the young lady a cup of tea?"

"No, I will take it to her," I said.

I wanted to make her feel at home, and felt as if I had done wrong to even asking for a reference.

She was standing before the fire as I came into the sitting-room, pondering like, and I noticed that her eyes were red and swollen, as if she had been crying.

"I've brought you a cup of tea, Mrs. Erwin. I think it will do you good coming in from the cold," I says.

"Thank you," she said, dropping down into this very easy-chair I'm sitting in now. "How kind of you!" holding out her hand for the teacup; and I noticed—for, mind you, I'm a sharp woman—I noticed that on the other hand there was'nt any wedding ring.

Well, sir, it made no difference to me. I was determined to help the young woman. When Griggs came home I up and told him just what I had done, for, mind you, I never was a woman to keep anything from my husband; there were no secrets between us. At first he was mad; then quieted down, saying:

"Well, mother,"—he always called me mother after getting over one of his passions, although I was never blessed with a child—"well, mother, you know best."

My new lodger took room number twenty-two. I made a practice of numbering my rooms, and Mary had fallen into the habit of calling the lodgers, not by their names, as Mr. this or Mr. that, but as Number Fourteen, Eighteen, or whatever was the number of their apartment; so that Mrs. Erwin was called Number Twenty-two. I fancied she rather liked it, as more than once I noticed her coloring on being called by this new name she had taken.

I tried to make things as pleasant and homelike as possible. I knew that she was a woman accustomed to being surrounded by comforts, and feared that my humble dwelling was far different from what she had been brought up to.

I always managed to have a cheerful fire burning on the hearth. The old curtains were taken down and new ones put up. Mary always carried up her meals on the best china in the house, while several extras, in the way of dainties, were brought to Twenty-two that were never dreamt of by the other lodgers.

She seemed grateful for these kindnesses, raising her soft blue eyes with a look of gratitude. A quiet tenant she was, never receiving any visitors, or even letters; seldom going out, spending most of her time sewing or reading, prompt in her payments; a model tenant only for the mystery that surrounded her—that great, black, ugly cloud that hangs over a woman without a reference.

She made no confidant of me after the night she thanked me for taking her in. One afternoon I went up to ask her if there was anything I could bring her, as I was going shopping, and frequently offered my services in this way.

I knocked several times without getting any answer. I turned the knob to see if my tenant was at home, and walked straight into the room. She did not see or hear me. She was sitting in a low rocker, facing a mirror, her back towards me. Her hands were clasped on her lap over the work that lay there untouched; her eyes were red with crying, and altogether, sir, she looked the most beautiful, and still the saddest, young creature I ever saw.

"Mrs. Erwin!" I said.

She started at the sound of the name, and stood up, dropping her sewing. No sooner had it fallen than she made a quick movement to get it. It fell just at my feet. I reached it first, and oh! sir, I shall never forget the start I got when I saw that wee bit of cambric and lace—that dress for the baby that was to come.

She turned as white as a sheet, and would have fallen if I had not caught her.

"You'll forgive me, Mrs. Griggs, for deceiving you," she sobbed, "and you won't turn me away? I am more sinned against than sinning."

That she had been sinned against I knew; that she had sinned I could never believe.

"Turn you away, Mrs. Erwin?" I said, while I straightened back and put to my eyes. "Never! There, keep your story to yourself, I made it, as she was going to speak; "it's no concern of mine. Don't cry any more, my child. Go and lie down; you need all your strength for the battle you've got to fight."

I went out and left her; not to go shopping, though; for the life of me I couldn't help wondering how it would all end—the mystery that surrounded my boarder in Number Twenty-two.

Well, sir, things went on just the same, with the exception of the carryings on of a disagreeable old maid in Number Fourteen, who threatened to leave on account of Mrs. Erwin.

"A nice doings in a respectable house!" she said. "There's a young woman calling herself 'Mrs.' without appearing to have the slightest claim to the title. No husband, no wedding-ring—a shameless——"

But here I stopped her.

"Look here," said I. "If you say another word about that young woman upstairs, you may go, bag and baggage. It's a pity that she don't go telling her affairs to every old busybody in London. I know who and what she is, and the snow lying out there on the doorstep is no purer."

She held that mischievous tongue of hers after that, and decided to stay, for it isn't every one that would put up with an interfering old maid in her house.

In the early spring a baby came. The young mother smiled through her tears, for a lovely child it was. She seemed to brighten up like, and would lie for hours looking so happy, with her baby girl in her arms.

I thought she was doing nicely; yet I never was a good nurse, so you see how easily I might be deceived. One morning the doctor called. He looked so serious as he called me into the other room that I began to feel my heart flutter.

"Mrs. Griggs," said he, "our patient has had a change for the worse, I fear. If she has any near relatives I would advise you to send for them at once."

"Oh, doctor, you don't mean that the poor child is going to die?" I said, beginning to cry. "And the baby—oh, what will become of the baby?"

"Compose yourself, my dear woman," he said kindly. "Let us hope for the best. Still it is best to be prepared for the worst, if it should come."

We didn't have to tell Mrs. Erwin her danger. She seemed to realize it from the first. Calling me to her, she said:

"If anything should happen, you will find an address in my work-basket. Write there, they cannot refuse to take my little baby. For baby! I wanted to live for her sake."

She turned her face wearily to the wall, and fell into a sleep from which she never awoke.

Oh, sir, you must excuse my crying. I'm easily touched, you know, and the thought of that young mother lying there dead among strangers, with her baby in her arms, would have touched a heart of stone.

I would let no one touch her but myself. I combed the pretty curls back from the sweet face, not forgetting to cut one of the ringlets off.

"Who knows who may want it some day?" I said.

In dressing her I found a little silk bag tied about her neck. It contained money that more than paid the funeral expenses. Better still, in the very corner I found a wedding ring and marriage lines. Thank Heaven! She was a wife.

I put that ring, sir, just where it belonged—on her hand—and kept the marriage lines.

The simple and touching service of the Church of England was read, and we buried her in the old churchyard one bright morning in May.

With a sad heart I went back to my work, with young Mrs. Erwin's baby on my hands. After the excitement was over I searched for the address in the work-basket; but all to no use; it could not be found.

What was I to do? I was really too poor to keep the baby, beside being obliged to help Mary with the work. She, good soul, comforted me by saying that she could do it all herself.

"You mind the baby, Mrs. Griggs," she would say, "and I'll manage the work. Precious lamb!" she would add, looking over the cradle. "If it was for her little heart she will not go to the Foundling—not if I have to adopt her myself."

Well, time wore on, and baby grew more lovely every day. Even Griggs, who at first objected to my keeping her, would spend hours nursing her, listening to her "coo," and letting her play with his great, shaggy beard.

One day, when she was a little more troublesome than usual, Mary was thoughtless enough to give her the work-basket belonging to her dead mother, to play with. There were no needles or thread in it; it was quite empty, with the exception of a red cushion that seemed to please baby very much.

She fairly screamed with delight as she shook it in her little hands, when all of a sudden I turned to see her holding a bit of folded paper in her hand. Fearing she might get in her mouth, I rushed to take it from her, when, bless me! what should it be but the very piece of paper with the address that I had been looking for! She had pulled it from behind the little cushion. Bless her heart! she had found what old Betty Griggs had looked after for months. There it was, sure enough. I read it through fast-falling tears.

"If anything should happen, send to my father, John Marlow, 31 Bristol Row, Birmingham. MARION MARLOW."

We talked it over that night, Griggs, Mary, and myself, and agreed to send word at once to baby's grandfather. Griggs wrote:

"If John Marlow, Esq., will call at 42 St. Paul's Road, London, he will hear of something to his advantage."

We sent it off; then Mary and I had a good cry, for we knew that we were going to lose baby; perhaps forever.

A few days afterwards a portly gentleman arrived. I knew who he was the moment I set eyes upon him. There was no mistaking those eyes; they were exactly like Mrs. Erwin's. Here the resemblance ended, for the mouth was set and determined, like the mouth of a man that would never forgive.

He listened while I told him all, from the very moment the dear young lady came until she closed her sweet blue eyes forever. Oh, sir, when I showed him that lock of hair, the way he took on was dreadful. He just cried like a little babe.

You see she was his only child, reared in luxury. She fell in love with her drawing-master, a good-for-nothing scoundrel that coveted her wealth. She ran away and married him. He grew tired of his bargain when he found the old gentleman would not keep him in idleness. He deserted her, leaving behind an infamous letter in which he told her that as he had a wife living at the time of his marriage with her, she was no longer a wife. 'Twas false, sir—a cruel, wicked lie, as her father afterwards learned.

She was a proud girl, and dared not go back to her old home with this slur upon her name. She dropped his name at once, thinking that she had no right to it. Pledging her jewels, she started out to face the world alone.

Mr. Marlow put many advertisements in the paper for his lost daughter; but the only tidings he ever got was the letter sent by Griggs.

He took the baby home, and Mary, too. I hated to part with the girl; yet it was a good chance for her—high wages with little or no work—and I was not the woman to stand in her way.

"You will let the baby come to see me?" I asked.

"Certainly, Mrs. Griggs," he answered, slipping into my hand a great purse of money, and was off before I had time to thank him.

He kept his word. The baby came often to see her "mammy," as she was taught to call me, and she never came empty handed. It was always something. So many gifts came to us that the neighbors began to talk of our rich relations in Birmingham.

'Tis one-and-twenty years since Mary left me. She is married and settled with a big family about her; and my dear young lady is going to be married herself in a few months, and I am going to keep house for her.

Keep house! What am I talking about? I am going to take care of her altogether, sir!

"You've worked hard enough, all these long years," says the dear girl, "and now, mother dear, you shall rest, and you'll come and live with me, won't you?"

Bless her dear heart! I will. I've given up lodgers. Heaven has found a home for me in my old age. 'Twas a lucky day for me, when I let Number Twenty-two.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—

For all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these "It might have been!"

How many men fail in their undertakings of all kinds by not using the right means and the right method for success. Some rush headlong into danger and misfortunes by not looking carefully before them, to see what difficulties they have to encounter in their way, and how they can most effectually overcome them, to accomplish their purposes, and, therefore, are left in the lurch. Other men are so slow in thought, in finding expedients to work up their interests, that the fortunate opportunity passes by after they make up their minds to start out; and then when they pursue their object, too late to be of any advantage, they have wasted their energies in fruitless and imaginary results. "The well of enterprise is never dried up and it is ever" and there are many who, looking on the bottom of it, see the wealth of a host, a few of whom we can perhaps trust, who from poverty and hardship are good men and true, prepared for their own and their neighbors' good. How many repine at reverses and their blasted hopes, and are saddened at heart, when they reflect that it might have been better for them had they been governed by the opinions and recommendations of good and unbiased advisers—made reason their guide instead of caprice—honesty the best policy, instead of dissimulation their practice.

L. G. W.

HOW BOYS' MARBLES ARE MADE.—Almost all the "marbles" with which boys amuse themselves in season and out of season, on pavements and in shady spots, are made at Oberstein, Germany. There are large quarries and mills in that neighborhood, and the refuse is carried to good account in providing the small stock in trade of experts in "knuckle" with [illegible] In order to [illegible] cubes by means of a light hammer. These small pieces are thrown, by the score or so, into the hopper of a small mill, formed of a [illegible], having the surface grooved with concentric [illegible], above this is the "runner," which is of some hard wood, having a level face on its lower surface. The upper block is made to revolve rapidly, water being delivered upon the grooves of the bed-stone, where the marbles are being rounded. It takes about fifteen minutes to finish a bushel of good marbles, ready for the boys' knuckles. One mill will turn out 100,000 marbles per week. The very hardest "crackers," as the boys call them, are made by a slower process, somewhat analogous, however, to the other.

THE annual death rate in 1,000 in the principal foreign cities, according to the recent weekly returns communicated to the Registrar General, are as follows: Calcutta, 29; Bombay, 21; Madras, 37; Paris, 24; Brussels, 23; Amsterdam, 20; Rotterdam, 18; The Hague, 19; Copenhagen, 28; Stockholm, 23; Christiania, 19; St. Petersburg, [illegible]; Berlin, [illegible]; Dresden, 17; [illegible]; Vienna, 29; [illegible]; Rome, 31; Venice, 21; Cairo, 46; Alexandria, 32; New York, 25; Brooklyn, 21; Philadelphia, 22, and Baltimore, 16.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Farming is a big industry in this country. The leading farm products of the United States amount to $4,014,000,000 annually. That alone, independent of manufactures, fisheries, etc., represents an average income of $70 per head for every man, woman and child in the country.

An exciting scene was witnessed recently in a menagerie near London. A middle-aged lady visitor, with an infant in her arms, held the child forward to look at leopards in a cage. One of the animals put a paw between the bars and struck the child, knocking it from the woman's arms. The woman struck the beast but he caught her arm, pulled it into the cage, and got her hand into his mouth. She was rescued by the attendant, but not before her hand had been seriously injured.

In the first half of the current year more than 3,750 miles of new main line railway track were laid, a mileage exceeded in the corresponding period of no previous year except 1882, and almost equal to the entire work of 1884. But it is probable that in the remaining six months of 1887 at least 6,000 miles more will be laid, so that the year's record may nearly approach that of 1882 (11,598 miles), which has never been surpassed. The country has now 145,300 miles of railroad, or almost twice as much as it had thirteen years ago. In the last twenty years the total mileage has been multiplied by three.

The medical world is becoming alive to a sharp epidemic of sweating sickness which has burst out sporadically in many parts of France. This disease has always existed in a mild form, and is ordinarily regarded as a mere summer heat rash of the miliary kind, but this year it is accompanied with violent perspiration of a most weakening kind and a pimply eruption covering the whole body, which has in some cases a blistered appearance. The Black Prince died of the sweating sickness, which used to be a scourge in the time of the Edwards and the Henrys, when the English armies were in occupation of part of France. It is announced officially from Bourges that although the sweating sickness is rapidly spreading in that town and its neighborhood, the mortality attendant upon it is rather on the decline.

The longest street railway in the world will be that which is to run some fifty or sixty miles between a number of towns near Buenos Ayres. It will also be exceptional, in that sleeping cars will be run on it for convenience of through passengers. The sleeping cars and all the other equipments of the line are being supplied by a Philadelphia firm. These sleeping cars are furnished with four berths each, which are made to roll up when not in use. The cars are furnished with lavatories, water coolers, linen, presses and other conveniences, and are finished throughout with mahogany. The other rolling stock comprises four double-decked open cars, twenty platform cars, twenty gondola cars, six refrigerator cars, six poultry cars, furnished with coops, eight cattle cars, two derrick cars for lifting heavy material, and 300 box cars.

A Paris letter says: "At the seaside resorts bathing is the chief amusement, but it is far different thing from bathing in America. The [illegible] attires herself in sumptuous robes, with [illegible] slippers, a cigarette and eye-glasses. [illegible] promenades along the beach with the air of a Roman emperor. Occasionally he allows the water to dash about his ankles, and even to his knees, but never above that point. After an hour or two of such [illegible] he returns with the [illegible]. The [illegible] who bathes, invariably wears [illegible] shoes and stockings almost to her knees. Her bathing-dress is made with long trained skirts, which she holds above the reach of the waves with one hand, while with the other she holds a fan and smelling bottle. She allows the water to dash about her ankles and wet her shoes, but, as she wears neither silk stockings, her feet do not become wet."

A Jersey City police officer on Friday last attracted attention while on a wagon in which were a middle-aged man and a girl apparently about fifteen or sixteen years old. The appearance of the couple and the rig indicated that they were from the country, and the sergeant, after questioning the man, took them to a station house. The man gave his age as forty, and said he was a milkman from Camden, N. J. His companion was also from Camden. He told a queer story. He said his wife left him some time ago and went to live with a negro. He decided to move to New York and sell his house and wagon, and started on Sunday night. On the outskirts of Camden he had met the girl, who told him she had left home because her father beat her. She asked him to take her with him and he consented. They drove all the way from Camden, journeying by night, and rested during the day in a hotel or farm house. A justice decided to hold them [illegible] until the authorities of Camden could be communicated with and some information obtained about them.

HE who pays before-hand is served behind-hand.

Our Young Folks.

BOBBIE'S DINNER PARTY.

BY S. C.

THE birds never knew how much they owed to Bobbie's bad cold all through the long terribly hard winter.

Poor Bobbie! it had been such a very bad cold. Mother and nurse had poulticed him; they had set him night after night with his feet in hot water, and piled the clothes on him in bed.

They had got up at intervals all through the night to keep the fire up, while, as for the cough mixtures, and cough lozenges, and drops he had been made to swallow, why, Bobbie declared he might have set up a chemist shop with them and made his fortune.

Of course it is all very well to laugh over the inconveniences which you have had to put up with when you are up and dressed again, and allowed about in any room where there's a fire, provided you put a shawl over your head as you go across the cold passages; and Bobbie was nearly well now—so well that mother began to hint at lessons, only Bobbie declared reading made him cough—so well that he really thought he might be allowed out.

But not every body agreed about that; no going out for Bobbie while the frost was still about, the skies leaden, and the bitter east wind blowing in every exposed place.

Bobbie, who it must be confessed, had grown somewhat spoiled and fretful during his illness, declared that it was worse than to be in bed, being kept indoors.

He was tired of everything—tired of all his new Christmas books and toys, tired of making scrap-books, though pasting is such delightful messy work, tired of this and that and the other, till mother and nurse were at their wits' end to amuse him.

I don't know exactly who first started the idea, but it was a grand and most successful one. Bobbie sent out cards of invitation to say he was going to have a dinner-party, and would be delighted to see visitors; and didn't the visitors just flock in response! No one was previously engaged, or absent, or unavoidably prevented.

But first, what were the cards?

The cards, like some of the sugar ornaments you find on Christmas-trees, or put in your stockings by Santa Claus, were good to eat.

They were bits of bread, crumbs, and crusts, left at breakfast; remains of cold potatoes and scraps of meat from the plates at dinner, and they were laid on the gravel walk in front of the nursery window.

This was also the guests' dining-room, and by this time you have probably guessed who Bobbie's guests were.

The sparrows were the first to arrive, for they lived nearest, and they are such greedy birds. But they managed to pick up a nice meal before they were startled and frightened away by the appearance of a great mottled thrush and a blackbird, who had been foraging unsuccessfully for worms on the hard frozen lawn.

And to spite them one of the sparrows went and told a pair of yellow-hammers who cowered half-starved under the garden hedge, and they did not need to be told twice.

The thrush and the blackbird were condescending enough to let them into the feast, and Bobbie was so pleased by the pretty yellow birds that he clapped his hands behind the nursery window, and got nurse to throw out some more pieces.

When the momentary excitement caused by this had subsided, it was found that the party had been increased by a robin, whose red waistcoat gave a pretty touch of color to the group, like the presence of a soldier in a crowd.

Nobody minded the robin coming—they are such little gentlemen; and Bobbie laughed again, for he knew the robin would sing grace when the banquet was over.

Everybody was busily engaged in eating, and Bobbie, behind the window was nearly darting to breathe, for fear he should disturb them, when a plucky little titmouse flew up and pounced on a piece of meat that had fallen on the very window-sill, just under Bobbie's nose.

The other birds stared, and some hearts went pit-a-pat, while the thrush loudly remarked—

"What impudence to be sure! Just like those tits: they are not afraid of anything!"

But Bobbie said—

"Oh, there's a dear tiny blue cap come. I'm so glad! We've all the colors now—yellow, and red, and blue."

The reason why the tit arrived rather late on the scene was this: The keeper all this hard weather had been feeding the pheasants in their pens with maize. Mr. Tit had watched the proceeding, and no sooner was the keeper's back turned than he made up his mind to share their plenty. He tried and he tried and, yes—he could just squeeze through the holes in the wire netting. No wonder the other and larger birds felt jealous as they watched him inside boldly seizing a grain of maize from among the pheasants, and flying with it on to one of their perches, holding it with one claw, while he dug into it with his sharp beak, and got at the soft inside.

But then, you see, the tit came of a clever family, who had been brought up to use their wits.

He had been hatched in such a cosy nest built in the stem of an old tree. For his mother, bold as she was, liked a quiet place away from houses for her nest.

She made it oval, and entirely closed, except at one side, where she left a doorway just large enough for her to get in and out at. She lined it with soft feathers, and then she laid twelve little tiny eggs in it.

And then, when the twelve little brothers and sisters were hatched, she foraged for them bravely, sometimes hanging head downwards, chasing an unlucky beetle along the bark, sometimes twisting off a tender green bud to secure a caterpillar which she saw lurking within, and sometimes pecking away at a piece of loose bark and extracting an unwary spider, who had incautiously left one of his hind legs peeping out of his hiding-place.

One day, while she was thus engaged, and the father tit was away pulling straws out of the thatch of a neighboring cottage to get at the flies concealed among them, there was a terrible commotion in the nest. Two boys, bent in birds'-nesting, had their suspicions that there was something in the stem of the old tree.

"Come on, Sam, give us a leg up: I do believe it's a 'Billy-biter's' nest!"

The twelve little tits shuddered, for such, their mother had told them, was their nickname among their mortal enemies—boys.

But our little friend, braver than the rest, hopped out on to a bough unseen, and called to his mother. In an instant she returned, and none too soon.

Presently a horny red hand appeared investigating the entrance to the nest. But Mrs. Tit was equal to the occasion.

Emitting a low angry hiss like that of a snake, she followed it up by a sharp peck with her brave little beak.

The hand, with its owner, dropped promptly to the ground.

"Hullos! Sam, I durs'n't try their agin! There's a snake in that hole: I heard it hiss!"

Some of the family had another narrow escape when they were a little older. Our friend was sitting on the branch of a pine-tree, while one of his brothers was swinging by his claws on a twig below.

Suddenly down the branch crept one of their relations, but a relation of whom they stood in great awe, who was like the uncle of the babes in the wood.

It was one of the "great tit-mouse" family. He was hunting about for flies on a pine cone, digging his beak into the bark. Ah, it was a cruel, sharp beak!

It was in vain the gardener gave him a good character with regard to his fruit trees, and did not waste his powder on him, only on them "nasty thieving little blue-caps," there was not a bird-mother in all the country round who did not chirrup with dread when she saw his little black head near her callow brood.

But our little friend warned his swinging brother in time, and they both flew off into safety.

Nevertheless, not all the little ones were reared. The gardener shot some so effectually that only a little tuft of blue feathers on the garden walk was left to tell the tale. One was cruelly captured in a little cage with a spring fastened to the bait, while a little prisoner bluecap sat in another cage underneath, an unwilling, helpless decoy.

As for our friend, I believe he would have been starved to death in the frost, but for his discovering the pheasant's maize, and then there came Bobbie's dinner party.

Of course he let all his relations know, and the tits came in numbers. But picking up food off the ground was not exactly in their line. They preferred it served any other way. It was all very well for humble hopping birds, but it was beneath acrobats like the tits.

So Bobbie's mother very cleverly devised a pleasant surprise for them next time they came to dine with Bobbie. Hung from the branch of a tree in front of the nursery window they found swings. These were bits of string, and at the ends were fastened little pieces of meat.

The tits were quite happy now. No other birds could come near them in their gymnastic performances.

The chaffinch, with a "twink, twink!" of envy, flew down and stood on the ground underneath, waiting humbly for the crumbs the tits let fall.

Once a great big rook flew down from the elm trees, with an alarming "caw!" carried off meat and string and all. We hope the string agreed with him.

But the acrobatic tits clung with their flexible claws to the string, and swung to and fro in the frosty air, pecking the while at the dainty morsel.

Bobbie was almost sorry when the mild weather came, and with it the end of the delight of watching the tits on their swings.

But our little friend was not sorry. When the spring came he took a dainty little wife, and built an elegant and elaborate little nest in the hedge in the paddock.

Bobbie found it one day, and all unaware that it belonged to his winter visitor, stole under a bush, and watched the old birds feeding the six young ones, while in his mind he promised these latter that they should have swings next winter too.

THE CHEMICAL COMPOSITION OF MAN.—From a chemical point of view man is composed of thirteen elements of which five are gases and eight are solids. If we consider the chemical composition of a man of the average weight of 154 pounds we will find that he is composed in large part of oxygen, which is in a state of extreme compression. In fact, a man weighing 154 pounds contains ninety-seven pounds of oxygen, the volume of which, at ordinary temperature, would exceed 940 cubic feet. The hydrogen is much less in quantity, there being less than fifteen pounds, but which in a free state would occupy a volume of 2800 cubic feet. The three other gases are nitrogen, nearly four pounds; chlorine, about twenty-six ounces, and flourine, three and a quarter ounces. Of the solids, carbon stands at the head of the metalloids, there being forty-eight pounds. Next comes phosphorus, twenty-six ounces, and sulphur, three and a quarter ounces. The most abundant metal is calcium, more than three pounds; next, potassium, two and a half ounces; sodium, two and a-quarter ounces, and, lastly, iron, one and a-quarter ounce. It is needless to say that the various combinations made by these thirteen elements are almost innumerable.

THE KING'S GIFT.

BY MRS. DAVID KER.

"NOW, Ruby, keep close to Mrs. Reynolds, and she will tell you who all these splendid princes and noblemen are, in those gorgeous cloth-of-gold dresses and precious stones."

"Yes, father; and I may hold on to your hand, mayn't I?" said the little girl.

Ruby Kennedy was an only child, and as her mother was dead she and her father were constant companions. All the time he could spare from business, and all the time she could spare from her lessons, they spent together; and they were always reading books of travel together, and planning imaginary tours on the map.

At last Mr. Kennedy found that he could leave his business in England for six months, so without saying a word to Ruby, he hired a yacht, and told her one day that she must be ready to start for her first real tour in a week, and that they would go direct to Siam, a country about which they had often read and talked. They arrived at Bankok, the capital of Siam, just in time to see the greatest royal and religious ceremony of the whole year, the "Visitation of the Temples."

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, the English consul and his wife, took them, the morning after their arrival, to the "Wat Chang," the largest temple in Bankok, which was to be the first visited by the king. Already the approach to it was thronged with people. The courtiers, in their magnificent state dresses, were grouped along the path where the king was to pass, and their attendants and slaves were massed behind them.

"There is a prime minister, Ruby," said Mrs. Reynolds. "Are not his cloth of gold jacket and phanung splendid? And look at the enormous diamonds and emeralds in his broad belt. The phanung, you know which looks like a pair of knickerbockers, is only a long strip of cloth, passed around the loins, and brought up between the legs. See, wherever he goes his slaves follow, carrying a gold teapot, gold spittoon, betel-nut tray, and cigar box, &c., all of which are signs of his high rank."

"Will the king be even grander?" asked Ruby.

"You will see for yourself directly, for I think he is coming now. Let us come as near the water's edge as we can get, to see him land. You see, Bankok's roads are its river and canals, so that every one goes about in boats, as they do in Venice."

"Watch all the royal canoes coming, Ruby," said Mr. Kennedy. "See, the canoes and paddles are gilded; and how pretty it is to see the paddles lifted right up into the air after each stroke. There must be about a hundred canoes, and more than eighty rowers in each. What wonderful time they keep. And how extraordinary it is they do not foul one another."

"The law is," said Mrs. Reynolds, "that if any canoe bumps up against the king's, all the crew of that canoe have their heads cut off."

"Oh, how awful!" cried Ruby. "And yet the king is called a good man!"

"I don't believe that he would have the law carried out," said Mrs. Reynolds; "but his father would have thought nothing of it."

"I suppose the canoe with the gold canopy over the middle of it is the king's, is it not?" asked Mr. Kennedy.

"Yes; you will see his Majesty presently between the cloth-of-gold curtains. You are very fortunate to see him with the wonderful golden crown, for he only wears it once every three years. It weighs thirty-six pounds, so you may imagine what dreadful headaches the poor king has after wearing it."

"I see him now," cried Ruby. "How splendid his gold dress and jewels look, sparkling in the sunshine! But what a funny way he holds his head!"

"Well, poor man," laughed Mrs. Reynolds, "he has to be so very careful that his crown does not fall off, that he is obliged to keep his head in that stiff position. There is only one man in the whole kingdom who is allowed to touch the royal crown, and it is his office to put it on and take it off. Even the king himself must not touch it."

"Just look at the boatmen now the canoe is stopped!" exclaimed Ruby. "Why, they are on their knees, and have their hands clasped as if they were saying their prayers."

"That's their Siamese fashion of doing reverence to the king as he lands," said Mrs. Reynolds. "When I was presented to the queen she received me in a room by herself, and her maids of honor were on all fours, just like dogs."

The king now got into a magnificent litter, and was carried up the path leading to the temple.

Just then Ruby heard a piercing cry, as of a child in pain, and turning round she saw a little boy standing under a sacred Boh-tree with his right arm held out. Round his arm was coiled a small snake, which had evidently dropped from the tree.

As he was only a slave's child none of the Siamese heeded his piteous screams. But Ruby was by his side in an instant, and without a moment's thought had whipped off the snake with her hand before it had time to bite the child, or even to take a fast hold of his arm.

The king, who from his high litter had seen all, immediately commanded the snake to be killed, and then, turning to the English consul, asked who that brave and beautiful little girl was, and what was her name. When the consul had answered his questions he smiled at Ruby, and passed on.

"I thought you had such a horror of snakes, Ruby," said Mr. Kennedy, who had followed her, but was not in time to prevent the snake adventure. "You were saying only last night that you would rather die than touch a snake."

"Yes, I know," answered Ruby; "but the poor little child looked so fearfully frightened that I could not help rushing to save it. If I had asked you to take off the snake, father, the poor little thing might have been bitten while I was speaking."

"Quite right, Ruby; but now we must not lose any of the sights. Look! the princes are being carried into the temple after the king."

Ruby burst out laughing.

"Oh, how funny they do look! They must be almost grown up, for they are nearly as big as the men who carry them. Just look, father, at their long legs dangling down, and their arms round their servants' necks, every bit like babies! Why ever can't they walk?"

"That would not be quite according to Siamese etiquette, you see," said Mrs. Reynolds.

"Now that the procession has passed," said the consul, I think we had better go to my house and rest, for the heat is very great here.

That evening, when Mr. Kennedy and Ruby got back to the yacht, Ruby found on the saloon table two packages addressed to her. One was a small parcel, the other a good-sized hamper, and written on both were—

"A present from the King of Siam to the brave little English lady called 'Ruby.'"

On opening the smaller package she found a most beautiful ruby brooch. The hamper moved about as Ruby opened it, and she heard several stifled mews, so she was not surprised to find a cat inside.

But it was such a beauty of the real Siamese breed, which is very rare. It was sandy-yellow in color, with long soft hair and deep blue eyes, and had about three inches of tail ending in a thick knob.

Ruby had heard a great deal about these cats, and was immensely delighted to have one of her own.

"It is kind of the king," cried she; "and I shall name this lovely puss after him. Listen, father, please, to see whether I have got the name right. 'Prabaht Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Chulalongkorn Krow."

"Quite right," laughed Mr. Kennedy. "Shall you always call it that?"

"Perhaps I may call it 'Maha,' for short."

Although there was much more for them to see in Siam, the unhealthy climate made Mr. Kennedy decide to sail in a few days for China, but not before Ruby had been permitted to thank the king for his very delightful present.

A WOMAN'S BRAVE DEED.—"Hi! hi!" shouted again and again a group of excited people who had a few minutes before been quietly sauntering along the streets of San Diego in California. The cause of the violent uproar soon became painfully clear. A herd of wild cattle was being driven through the town. Now, as is well-known, the temper of these animals is uncertain, and on the afternoon of which we write the horrified bystanders had proof of this fact. A little child was playing in the street not far from the spot where the cattle were passing, when one of the bulls—a huge creature with large horns—made a sudden rush at the poor bairn. To add to the terror of the scene the drover was tipsy, and in trying to turn the furious animals he fell off his horse. Then arose those warning yells from the spectators, as they beheld the terrible fate from which, as it seemed, nothing could save the child.

At this moment a lady happened to come into the street, and the noise of the tumult at once attracted her attention. She saw the child's appalling danger at a glance, and immediately sprang into the empty saddle. She succeeded in catching up to the wild bull, and threw her shawl over its head just as it was about to charge the child. She then, without leaving the saddle, lifted the child to her lap, and took it away to a place of safety.

This brilliant act of bravery awoke round after round of hearty applause from every one who witnessed it; and as one reads of the splendid act one can almost hear the cheering yet. As was said at the time, this gallant deed of Miss Lawrence's—for such was the lady's name—was not only heroic, but a feat of horsemanship which few people could equal.

The Prince of Wales' daughters are not only accomplished tricycle riders and graceful skaters, but almost beat their pet brother, Prince George, in the smartness, strength and dexterity with which they can row. In Norfolk they often take their royal mamma for a little voyage, and their fine boy and handsome complexions show that a love of fresh air and out-door exercise is no mere taste of yesterday.

IN SUMMER FIELDS.

BY C. O. L.

Sometimes, as in the summer fields
I walk abroad, there comes to me
So strange a sense of mystery,
My heart stands still, my feet must stay,
I am in such strange company.

I look on high—the vasty deep
Of blue outreaches all my mind;
And yet I think beyond to find
Something more vast—and at my feet
The little bryony is twined.

Clouds sailing as to God go by,
Earth, sun and stars are rushing on;
And faster than swift time, more strong
Than rushing of the worlds, I feel
A something is of name unknown.

And turning suddenly away,
Grown sick and dizzy with the sense
Of power, and mine own impotence,
I see the gentle cattle feed
In dumb unthinking innocence.

The great Unknown above; below
The cawing rooks, the milking shed,
God's awful silence overhead;
Below, the muddy pool, the path
The thirsty herds of cattle tread.

Sometimes, as in the summer fields
I walk abroad, there comes to me
So wild a sense of mystery,
My senses reel, my reason fails,
I am in such strange company.

Yet somewhere, dimly, I can feel
The wild confusion dwells in me,
And I, in no strange company,
And the lost link 'twixt Him and these,
And touch Him through the mystery.

TEA-TABLE TATTLE.

To the American the tea-table is typical of home. The mere mention of tea conjures up for all, pictures of snug interiors, cozy firesides, familiar faces and cheery chat. But tea needs no panegyric. It has been as highly eulogized as it has been severely denounced.

Being a social beverage, the stimulant of fancy, and the promoter of pleasant gossip, it suggests lighter thoughts than the mere consideration of dietic qualities or the superiority of one blend to another.

In the fragrant steam of a cup of tea, visions will arise of Mistress Pepys in new silken gown, of gay courtiers and painted ladies, stiff skirted dames of the early Georgian era, and our short-waisted grandmothers, all of whom did their best, if the poets are to be credited, to prove the truth of a certain French proverb regarding absentees.

Dr. Johnson, in an essay on tea published in the "Literary Magazine," is of the opinion that it is unsuited to the lower classes, to whom, in its early days, it was totally unknown; it having been, as everybody knows, essentially a luxury, even so late as our great grandmother's days, when "company" tea was five dollars and "family" tea not less than three dollars a pound.

The worthy doctor gives 1666 as the date of its introduction. The beverage, however, was known in London as early as 1615, when it was mentioned in a letter as "chaw."

Pepys chronicles having sent for a cup of tea in 1660, "a China drink, whereof I have never before drunk;" and the advertisement columns of the "Mercurius Politicus," for September 30, 1658, contained the following announcement: "That excellent, and by all physicians highly approved China drink, called by the Chineans 'tcha,' by other nations 'tay' alias 'tee,' is sold at the Sultaness Head Coffee house, by the Royal Exchange, London." The founder of the house issued a broadsheet, still preserved in the British Museum, in praise of "the best of herbs, the Muses' friend."

A year later, according to another publication, tea was sold in almost every London street, and it had then become esteemed so highly that the East India Company offered two pounds for the acceptance of the King, whose Queen greatly helped to make "tcha"-drinking fashionable, and gave many a royal testimonial to the dealers.

Amongst those who could afford to indulge in the new drink, the practice rapidly grew to excess, until in the time of Marie Therese, we find the Court physician attributing the increase of new diseases to the debility of constitution induced by constant tea-drinking.

In 1678, its use had become so popular among the wealthy, that it was freely indulged in after dinner. This custom speedily died out, however, more potent liquors being more to the taste of the fine old gentlemen.

The opponents of the new fashion not only attacked it on the ground of its injurious properties, but railed against tea-drinking and tea-parties generally, as the promoters of many undesirable practices, carried on under the seemingly innocent pretext of mild conviviality.

Scandal certainly seems to have been a too frequent adjunct of the Chinese drink; but it is open to discussion whether the fair ladies of other generations would not have made any assemblage an excuse for their gossip.

Besides being denounced on hygienic and moral grounds, it was also thought baneful from an economical point of view; and, considering the cost of each cup, there was some reason in this objection to its frequent and indiscriminate use. The paterfamilias of the Carolean or Georgian periods must have heard with much more uneasiness of a forthcoming tea party than the husband of to-day.

The less frivolous women of those periods exclaimed against tea quite as much as the men, and in a ladies' paper, "The Female Spectator," it was indignantly stated that the tea-table "costs more to support than would maintain two children at nurse; it is utter destruction of all economy, the bane of good housewifery, and the source of idleness."

As late as the beginning of this century, however, a great many had never even heard of it, for an eminent poet relates a story of a country lady to whom a town friend had sent a pound of tea as a handsome present.

This worthy dame forthwith specially invited her friends to taste the new stuff, and duly served up to them the boiled leaves with accompaniment of salt and pepper! It is further recorded that tea did not speedily become popular in that village.

To come nearer to our own times, it will be found that, in spite of its universal use in enormous quantities, the prejudice against tea has by no means died out. Quite recently a distinguished cleric, at a meeting held for the purpose of discussing the furtherance of practical cookery in elementary schools, stated that "inordinate tea-drinking creates a generation of nervous, discontented people, forever complaining."

Whatever may be the effects of tea-drinking—a question best settled by the doctors if they could agree on the point—it is an indisputable fact that its consumption annually increases; and, though there be those who virulently denounce it as a houshold poison, undoubtedly the majority will be in its favor, and a complete revolution of men and manners will have to take place before the social and cheering cup is banished from our midst.

Grains of Gold.

Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."

A man should maintain his integrity at all times.

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Don't worry: "Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

The truest end of a life is to know the life that never ends.

It is easy to find reasons why other folks should be patient.

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.

A man should fear when he enjoys only what good he does publicly.

Pleasure is the flower that fades; remembrance is the lasting perfume.

Think only healthful thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Be persuaded that your only treasures are those which you carry in your heart.

Purposes, like eggs, unless they be hatched into action, will run into decay.

Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe. Trust the Eternal.

Next to God we are indebted to women, first for life itself, and then for making it worth having.

What sad faces one always sees in the asylums for orphans! It is more fatal to neglect the heart than the head.

A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer; but a wise man cannot ask more questions than he will find a fool ready to answer.

We are all dependent upon one another in this world; we all have our sunny and our shadowy days, and we all, in our turn, need sympathy and help.

Love, in its varied phases, can acquire purity or dignity only when guided by an inward power over ourselves; that is in itself the very germ of virtue.

Femininities.

Oil of lavender will drive away flies.

The cause of woman suffrage — Scarcity of husbands.

A refrigerator should be scrubbed at least once a week.

Carrots and turnips, if placed in layers in a box of sand, will keep for weeks.

A society girl wants to know on which finger a gold thimble should be worn.

A woman will never put anything in her pocket that she can hold in her mouth.

The best way to hang up a broom is to screw a large picture ring into the top of the handle.

Hall chairs with a clock fastened in the centre of the high back are something new in furniture.

Moisture is the greatest enemy of the piano, and it cannot be too carefully guarded against.

Sprays of forget-me-nots, or a rough wild rose in silver or enamel, are popular designs for lace pins.

By the time we are shorn of our bad, foolish, or loaferish habits, there is but little left of some of us.

It is premature to tell any woman that she is an angel until it is seen how she can cook a steak and boil a potato.

A new pattern for lace pin or upper part of bracelet is a row of silver filigree daisies, with gold diamond-set centres.

It is strange! A woman who claims to have a mind of her own takes every opportunity to give everybody a piece of it.

French way of complimenting the old lady: "Ah, madame, you grow every day to look more like your daughter!"

Buttercups set on a slender gold wire, with a gem in the centre of each buttercup, is one of the latest novelties in bracelets.

Societies for the advancement of dress reform for women now exist in England, Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Finland.

A woman in Petoskey, Mich., rubbed phosphate on her bunion before going to bed. In the night her husband fired the bootjack at a fly.

An elopement in a horse car is not romantic, but is proved just as effectual as the rope-ladder and coach plan, in New Haven, one day last week.

A recent order of the Prefect of Police at Paris, forbids proprietors of cafes and restaurants employing waitresses to serve customers in fancy costume.

A yacht club in New Rochelle, Westchester county, N. Y., has "ladies' regattas," in which each competing yacht must have at least one lady aboard.

Asbury Park boasts of a pet dog who appears on the board walk with a diamond collar. He is a Maltese pug, and belongs to the wife of a New York broker.

A South street mother was whipping her boy yesterday, and as she applied the rod she hollered: "Will you behave?" "Yes," blubbered the boy, "I will if you will."

In the same pew in a church at Des Moines, Iowa, sit each Sabbath day two women, one of whom is the widow of four ministers, the other the widow of three ministers.

The clever wife of a Western college professor answers the question, "What is your idea of a heroine?" in this way: "An educated American woman who does her own housework."

What sort of a wedding was this? Manuel Barriast and wife, of Matamoras, Mexico, recently celebrated the eightieth anniversary of their wedding. The husband is 102 and the wife 95.

Freckles cannot be entirely banished, but a wash made by dissolving three grains of borax in five drachms each of rose water and orange flower water is said to be excellent for them.

Mamma: "What are you doing, Ned?" Ned: "You told me that when I felt angry with you I must count ten." Mamma: "Well?" Ned: "I've counted 837, and I'm just as mad as I was when I began!"

The country has given up trying to find a stuttering woman, and now a correspondent wants to know why he seldom meets a blind woman. There is evidently a great deal to be learned about women.

A Chicago couple were prosecuted for kissing at the front window of a fashionable Chicago boarding house, but the Court dismissed the case saying there was nothing disorderly about such a proceeding.

Fashionable New York mothers have their nursery maids wear distinct uniforms when on the street with their perambulators. In this way the mothers are able to recognize their own babies when they meet them.

When you see a house fly more dyspeptic-looking than usual it is safe to bet that it has been promenading on the decorated cheek of the beautiful daughter instead of upon the unfrescoed baldness of her father.

Queen Victoria has received from one of her subjects as a gift a signet ring which formerly belonged to Henrietta Maria, consort of Charles I. The stone forming the seal is a diamond, upon which the arms of England are cut.

A wife according to the modern definition of the term, is a woman who stays at home in the summer time to keep the fire insurance policy from being invalidated, while the husband is risking his life insurance at the summer resorts.

It is estimated that 8,000 Boston servant girls carry books or a music roll on the streets when they go out, thinking that to deceive the public as to their occupation. What a terrible thing it would be if somebody found out that they did honest work for an honest living.

Masculinities.

President Cleveland writes to his wife every day.

Dr. Torsey, of Boston, marries a pair in 80 seconds.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid.

Religion presents few difficulties to the humble, many to the proud, and insuperable ones to the vain.

An attractive pin for a gentleman's scarf is a miniature sword, perfect in all its details, with a handsomely jeweled hilt.

Among the most blessed of all contrivances of nature is that which prevents a man from being disturbed by his own snoring.

The man who sits down and waits to be appreciated will find himself among uncalled for baggage after the limited express has gone by.

Mr. Pugley—"But give me some hope. I am willing to wait." Miss Gray—"Well wait nine days—you will have your eyes open by that time."

Every man at some period of his life is an egregious fool, but by a wise dispensation of Providence no man knows exactly when that time is.

An incurable old bachelor—one who seemingly rejoices in his infirmity—describes marriage as "female despotism, tempered by puddings."

A little boy in East Nashville heard his sister say that Adam was the first man, and when he was asked who the first woman was replied, "Adam's mother."

When a young man sits in the parlor talking nonsense to his best girl—that's capital. But when he has to stay in of evenings after they're married—that's labor.

"Why, how are you, Phil? Glad to see you in town. Where are you putting up?" "With my wife, of course; and I have a good deal to put up with, you can bet."

George Washington, we are told by a current item, could not spell correctly. Taine says that Napoleon spoke French incorrectly. Grant did not write scholarly English either. Hadn't we better close up the schools?

"No man," says Mr. Ruskin, in one of his latest essays, "should marry under four and twenty; no girl under eighteen; and the young man should choose his bride as he would choose his destiny with range of choice from earth to heaven."

"I believe in the equality of the sexes," said an acid-visaged spinster lately. "So do I," responded a masculine listener. "I'm engaged to a girl who likes ice cream, and I think she has just as much right to stand a treat once in a while as I have."

Julian F. Mills, of Saranac, Mich., was arrested and fined for drunkenness, and his sweetheart broke off her engagement with him. He claims the arrest was unjust, and has brought suit against the town for $25,000 damages for the alienation of the girl's affections.

Data recently collected as to the wages of skilled and unskilled labor in the South show the prevailing averages are not much below those of the North. Unskilled labor commands about $1 a day, on an average; while skilled labor ranges from $2.25 to $2.45 per day.

Business man (down town)—Can't you hurry up that steak a little, waiter? I've been now waiting over half an hour. Business man (at home) What in thunder's the reason we don't have dinner? I've been sitting here like a hump on a log for at least five minutes.

"What's the reason the mosquitoes bite you so persistently, and don't touch me at all?" "Well, I don't know, Johnson, but it seems to me when a man gets so far gone that even a mosquito won't have anything to do with him, it's high time he reformed and took a bath."

The children are getting more precocious every day. On returning home from his office the Colonel found his 15-year-old son, Tommy, in the front yard playing marbles with a strange boy of about his own age. "Bill," said Tommy, "allow me to introduce you to my father. You two gentlemen ought to know each other."

"I don't believe in bullying," said Pompano, sternly, "but I do think that a man should be master in his own house. My wife, of course doesn't agree with me, but this summer I carried my point." "Ah, indeed," said Bagley, in interested tones. "Have you the recipe with you?" "Yes. I sent her to the seashore for the summer."

A traveler in Holland noticed two heavy brass handles depending from a high chimney board in a country house. "What are they for?" he asked, and the Hollander explained, "Why, for old gentlemen to hold by when lifting up one foot to warm their toes! Our ancestors were heavy, and could not stand long on one leg without support."

A stranger stepped into a Chicago shooting gallery a day or two ago and spent a few minutes in firing at a target. In six shots he broke a window in the side of the building, destroyed one of the gas fixtures, put a hole through his hat, which he had hung on the wall, and lamed a dog. The owner of the shooting gallery suspects him of being an escaped French duelist.

A millionaire recently stayed at a hotel by the sea and occasionally played lawn-tennis. It is a rule that if the ball is lost the player pays a dime, and this millionaire three times lost a ball. When told that he must pay a dime he declined to play any longer, while he and his valet spend the remainder of the day in trying to find the lost ball. Millionaires have their peculiarities, and this is the latest on record.

Rodney Burns, a convict in the Joliet, Ill., prison, has just been taken to the Elgin insane asylum crazed by overstudy. He was serving a term for complicity in a brutal murder committed in Chicago seven years ago. He could neither read nor write when he entered the prison, but by hard study of the books which he procured by working overtime he mastered Greek, Latin, French and German, and was well up in the sciences. He had a cell full of books in various languages.

Recent Book Issues.

"The Existence of the Living God, Proved by Reason and Common Sense," is a pamphlet that explains itself. Published by O'Neill Brothers, No. 123 South Third street. Price, 20 cents.

"Parodies," of the works of leading English and American authors, still maintains its high level of excellence. The August number contains parodies of Chevy Chace, Lillibulero, Roly-Poly, Lord Bateman, and songs of Sheridan and others. Published by W. Hamilton, No. 196 Strand, London, England.

"The Princess Roubine," a Russian love story, by Henry Greville, author of "Dosia," breathes an atmosphere of love from beginning to end, and literally teems with interest. The action takes place chiefly in St. Petersburg, though there are fascinating glimpses of Paris, the Neva, and of Russian country life. The translation is by the well-known and able translator, Mr. Geo. D. Cox, and is an exact reproduction of the original. Peterson & Co., publishers. Price, 50 cents.

"Philadelphia and its Environs," is a splendid work, descriptive of this city—past and present, historically, commercially, and socially—just issued by Lippincott & Co. It is brought down to the very latest date in its details, and by its hundreds of magnificent pictures of notable objects, buildings and places, together with its brief but excellent explanatory matter, it at once constitutes an unsurpassed guide-book, and a beautiful souvenir. Price, 50 cents.

Among the younger novelists of America Edgar Fawcett has already taken a prominent place, which his latest work, "The House at High Bridge," will do much towards confirming. It is an excellent study of American life around the New York metropolis, and while without any striking plot or characters, in these respects as well as in its most tasteful language, stands far above the average. It is not the best sample of "Ticknor's Paper Series," but it ranks well with all. Price, 50 cents. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston.

A most unique and valuable publication is J. Walter Thompson's "Selected List of Standard Daily and Weekly Newspapers," in the United States and Canada, for advertising purposes. Every paper included in this list has its front page reproduced in miniature in the book. Nothing of the kind, on so fine a scale, has ever before been attempted, and the work is a novelty in typography and printing, while also offering an unsurpassed means for advertisers ascertaining the best newspaper mediums for reaching the public. It is a worthy and liberal proof of Mr. Thompson's taste and skill, as well as a fitting tribute to his well-known business enterprise and sagacity. Published at 39 Park Row, New York City.

"God's Words to His Children," by the celebrated English preacher and writer, George Macdonald, LL. D. These sermons have been selected and edited for this publication by one of the best known orthodox divines in America. The discourses—twenty-four—here given have appeared from time to time in various English periodicals. There is a magneticism in this author's writings which fascinates while it instructs. The piety and spiritual devotion of these sermons will charm the Christian reader. The volume, we are confident, will prove one of the most suggestive and popular publications of the kind which have of late issued from the press. Price, $1.50. Funk & Wagnalls, publishers, New York.

Ticknor & Co., of Boston, announce that owing to the great success of their series of original copyright novels, "Ticknor's Paper Series of Choice Reading," it will be continued indefinitely, the books appearing semi-monthly instead of weekly as heretofore. The final issues of the first thirteen, are "Tales of Three Cities," by Henry James; "Dr. Breen's Practice," by W. D. Howells, and "The Story of a Country Town," by E. W. Howe. Of the two former it is unnecessary to speak, as they are marked by all the peculiar excellence—and with some readers, faults—of their respective authors. The latter work, "The Story of a Country Town," is in more respects than one remarkable. It is evidently a picture of real life and character, located on the prairies of the West, and while generally sombre in its sadness of tone, is never without the light of truth and close observation of fact. All through its pages there are pleasant suggestions of Dickens and George Eliot that certainly neither mar its originality nor fail to add to its interest. Altogether it is a worthy ending to the initial instalment of a very cheap and valuable series of good books. Price, 50 cents each.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The leading feature of *The English Illustrated Magazine* for August, is the second installment of F. Marion Crawford's new story, "Marzio's Crucifix." The number opens with Part II of Richard Jefferies' charming "Walks in the Wheatfields" of England, beautifully illustrated. A delightfully unique thing is a poem, "Captain (of Militia) Sir Dilberry Diddle," illustrated. May Crommelin gives a readable sketch of "A Visit to a Dutch Country House," which is finely illustrated; and Fargeon's serial, "A Secret Inheritance," maintains its deep interest. Macmillan & Co., New York.

POVERTY wants much and avarice everything.

His Mistake.

BY J. P. THATCHER.

HOW do you like my aunt's new guest, Clayton?"

"Saw nothing wonderful in her. Has a reputation as a flirt, if I don't mistake. I'm never taken by such girls, Roy."

Roy Grayson laughed a little in his easy, indolent way.

"You are never 'taken' by any sort of girl," he said. "But there is no use in saying a man is happier without being in love, for he is not. I tell you, a good, honest attack of love will make a man of any fellow. I'd like to see you hard hit."

"You may live to see it; but if you do the object of my affection will not be a flirt, or the fashion, as Mrs. Carleton told me our new arrival is."

"Flirt or no flirt, she's certainly the style of girl to play havoc with some poor fellow's heart."

Clayton Aubrey made a wry face.

"And no doubt she is now donning her war paint, with the intention of making a tablet of yours or mine. Will you join me in a trip to the seaside?"

"I should tell my cousin Nina why you went, and afford Miss Graham a new triumph," was the answer, given with a smile.

"Very well. Here I will stay, and face fate as bravely as I can. By the way, when shall we dine?"

"In half an hour or so," Ray answered. "Have a cigar? Ah, what was that?"

"The door of the library swung to. Are you growing nervous?" said Clayton.

"No; but I am very uncomfortable. I believe some one heard us, and we have no right to talk about any lady, especially one so lovely."

"Oh, she will get ugly soon enough, if that will help the matter," was the careless reply.

But Clayton Aubrey, despite his seeming indifference, was sure some ears had caught his unkind words, for as he stepped through the window he heard the sound of retreating footsteps.

And he was right. A young lady had passed lightly over the threshold at the very beginning of the conversation. She went quickly across the room, and had placed the book among its fellows when the first remark of Roy's reached her quick ears.

The old adage, "listeners never hear any good of themselves," came to her mind, but she did not make a selection from the volumes until after Clayton Aubrey had expressed himself.

Then, with a saucy light in her blue eyes, the lady, who was none other than Vera Graham, took her book, and allowing the door to close noiselessly behind her, ran swiftly up the stairs, and paused not until she reached her own room.

Miss Graham went down to the drawing-room that evening alone; nobody was there but Clayton Aubrey, who turned from the window as she entered.

She did not seem to see him, but went straight to the mantel, on which the masses of bloom were gathered, and began selecting some flowers.

He followed her quickly.

"The vases are too high for you, Miss Graham. May I get the flowers you want?"

She looked at him so indifferently, and her eyes met his so clearly that he felt piqued.

"Thank you; I have all I want," she said. "You are very kind, Mr. Aubrey; but let me assure you that a woman never prizes any act of gallantry so highly as she does a charitable word or thought given in her absence."

A hot color burned in his face. Had she heard herself reviled by him?

Before he had time to answer, she went forward to meet Nina, who was then entering the room.

As Clayton watched Vera, he concluded that Dame Rumor was at fault.

As the weeks went by, his indifference changed to admiration, and later from admiration to something stronger and deeper, and he had to acknowledge that he was in love with her whom he called a "flirt." The knowledge was painfully sweet.

Vera Graham had avoided him during her four weeks' stay at The Grange, as the country house was called.

Possibly she thought that men prize most that which is hard to attain; she knew that she attracted him, and probably thought it best to leave everything to fate.

* * * * * *

On the morrow the party at The Grange would break up, and each one go his way. The evening was a beautiful one in late September, and the guests were engaged in various ways.

Miss Graham and Aubrey were standing together on the terrace, almost in the same place where he had called her a flirt. Vera was in high spirits, and Clayton was pained to see her gaiety on the eve of their separation.

He answered a careless remark of hers by taking both her hands, and saying—

"Vera, I never meant to tell you, but you are dearer than life to me. Can you ever love me? Will you be my wife?"

Turning slowly, she looked at him and began her answer.

"Mr. Aubrey, would you marry a heartless flirt—one who is the fashion? Aren't you afraid of what the world might say? Don't you dread the laughter of your friend, Mr. Grayson?"

Sweeping him a low curtsey, she turned to go, but Clayton caught her arm, holding her firmly, and saying—

"You shall hear me now! I had heard you much maligned, and detesting all girls of that sort, I very foolishly criticised you before making your acquaintance. Now that I know you, I say those stories were false. You are lively, but not frivolous; fascinating, but not a coquette. Oh, my darling, can't you love me a little? Won't you let me call you wife?"

She let him clasp her in his arms and kiss her repeatedly, but still was silent.

"My own darling, haven't you a word for me?" he asked.

She raised her eyes, filled with tears, to his, and putting her arms around his neck, said—

"Clayton, I have loved you from the first."

Six months later, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Aubrey started on their bridal tour.

WHAT IS ELECTRICITY?—That wonderful element, but three centuries ago only recognized in the thunder storm, or in the attractive power of amber and a few other bodies, is now known as one of the greatest powers in the universe, penetrating and pervading all matter, and present in one form or other in every act of physical motion and change. Is electricity a material agent, or is it merely a property or condition of matter deriving its phenomena from the atomic and molecular changes which matter is ever undergoing? The properties or quantity and intensity evolved being concentrated and accumulated in space, is characteristic of electricity, and associates it closely with the conditions and action which designate matter. The methods by which it is eliminated, accumulated and conducted, show that it is not depending on atomic action of the bodies electrically affected. The whole terrestrial globe is a vast reservoir of both kinds of electricity, but contains more of the negative. As long as these two kinds are in their natural state, the two electricities are in equilibrium, at rest, but when either the earth or atmosphere has an excess of the electrical fluid, the excess of fluid is discharged in a flash, which constitutes lightning, either descending or ascending. We often see these two kinds of lightning at the same time, the earth and the atmosphere seeming to make a mutual exchange of their surplus electricity. In summer, when the earth is dry, and the day warm and serene, the atmospheric electricity increases from sunrise till mid-day, then it is stationary for a couple of hours, then diminishes to the fall of the dew. In winter the maximum of electricity is at 8 o'clock in the morning and evening; it is weaker during the day.

L. G. WUNDER.

YOUNGER AND OLDER.—Miss Clara was born only two years earlier than her brother Tom. When Tom was ten years old she gloried because she was twelve; when Tom was known to be fourteen, she confessed to sweet sixteen; when Tom proudly boasted of eighteen she timidly acknowledged herself past nineteen; when Tom came home from college with a moustache and a vote, and had a party in honor of his twenty-first birthday, she said to her friends: "What a boyish fellow he is! Who would think that he was only a year younger than I?" When Tom declared he was twenty-five and old enough to get married, she said to an intimate friend: "Do you know, I feel savagely jealous to think of Tom getting married. But, then, I suppose twins are always more attached to each other than other brothers and and sisters." And two years later, at Tom's wedding, she said, with girlish vivacity, to the wedding guests: "Dear old Tom, to see him married to-night, and then to think how when he was only five years old they brought him to see me, his only sister. I wonder if he thinks of it to-night?"

IN the past thirty years the average of a man's life has improved 8 per cent.—from 41·9 to 48·9 years; and a woman's life 5 per cent.—from 41·9 to 45·2. Of every 1000 males born at the present day 44 more attain the age of 35 than used to be the case previous to 1871; and every 1000 persons born since 1870 will live 2700 years longer than before. This is due to civilization, and especially to improved sanitary methods, which is adding an average of nearly ten years to human life in every century.

WANAMAKER'S

In all the world no store so big as WANAMAKER'S; in all America no Dry Goods business so great. Having the best thing at the least price is what has done it.

SCOTCH GINGHAMS.

Wicks, in Stripes and Plaids, were 40 now 25c.
Carls, a quieter pretty, 25c.
Twilled Zephyr, looks like worsted, 30 inch, 40c.
Lace Zephyrs, genuine Whytlaws, were 50, now 31c.
Cheviots, for Dresses or for Suiting, 32 inch, 35c.

ALL WOOLS.

Sanglier, (Foule Canvas) cream and black, 38 inch, 25c.
Sateen Berber, in dark colors, only 50c.
Pongee Mohair, for traveling dresses, 50c.
Cloth for Riding Habits, 54 inch, 85c. to $1.00.
Camel's Hair, 42 inch, with side bands of contrasting colors, was 75, 85, then 50, now 37½c.

Check Canvas Tennis Shoes, high cut, $1.25; low cut, $1.
Straw Slippers, cool, dainty, $1.50.
Black Jersey Bathing Stockings, canvas covered cork soles, $1.25.
Bathing Hats and Caps, 20 to 85c.

Send a letter for what you want, you'll likely do as well as if you came yourself.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

A Cure For All

SUMMER COMPLAINTS!

A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few moments, cure Cramp, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains. For severe cases of the foregoing Complaints see our printed directions.

It is Highly Important that Every Family Keep a Supply of

Radway's Ready Relief

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quickly as the Ready Relief.

It is pleasant to take as a tonic, anodyne or soothing lotion.

Where epidemic diseases prevail, such as Fevers, Dysentery, Cholera, Influenza, Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Pneumonia and other malignant diseases, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will, if taken as directed, protect the system against attacks, and if seized with sickness, quickly cure the patient.

Malaria in its Various Forms, Fever and Ague.

Radway's Ready Relief

Not only cures the patient seized with malaria, but if people exposed to it will every morning on getting out of bed take twenty or thirty drops of the READY RELIEF in a glass of water and drink it and eat, say a cracker, they will escape attacks.

PRACTISING WITH R. R. R.
MONTAGUE, TEX.

Dr. Radway & Co.:
I have been using your medicines for the last twenty years, and in all cases of Chills and Fever I have never failed to cure. I never use anything but your READY RELIEF and PILLS.
THOS. J. JONES.

Mr. JOHN MORTON, of Verplanck Point, N. Y., proprietor of the Hudson River Brick Manufacturing Co., says that he prevents and cures attacks of chills and fever in his family and among the men in his employ by the use of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF and PILLS. Also the men in Mr. Frost's brick yard, at the same place, rely entirely on the R. R. R. for the cure and prevention of Malaria.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every Pain, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, SWELLING of the JOINTS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, PAINS in the BACK, CHEST or LIMBS.

The application of the Ready Relief will afford instant ease and comfort.

It was the first and is THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs, by one application.

Price, 50 cts. per Bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

The Great Blood Purifier

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, and your bones sound, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. It possesses wonderful power in curing all forms of scrofulous and eruptive diseases, syphilitic ulcers, tumors, sores, enlarged glands, &c., rapidly and permanently. Dr. Randolph McFoulke, of St. Hyacinthe, Canada, says: "I completely and marvelously cured a victim of Scrofula in its last stage by following your advice given in your little treatise on that disease."

Joseph Bushell, of Dennison Mills, Quebec, was "completely cured by two bottles of RADWAY'S RESOLVENT of an old sore on the leg."

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For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

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RADWAY & CO.—*Gentlemen:* Your Pills have often warded off sickness in my family. I never think it safe to be without them; they are a fine, sure medicine. Most respectfully yours,
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I am using your R. R. Relief and your Regulating Pills and have recommended them above all pills, and sell a great many of them. I have them on hand always, and use them in my practice and in my own family, and expect to, in preference of all Pills. Yours respectfully,
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TO THE PUBLIC.—Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

THE EXODUS.

When through the meadows green I stray
And seek to go from here to thence,
What woe to find athwart my way
The barbed wire fence.

If I attempt its staff to scale
Picking my way with careful pegs,
On points most vicious I impale
My several legs.

If to crawl through it I essay,
Then am I doomed to double woe:
The barbs project in either way—
Come, stay, or go.

And if I make a desperate break
And worry through, my back is sore
With stabs and gouges raw, that ache
A week or more.

And when I turn upon my track,
And, home returning, put about,
It's just as hard work coming back
As going out.

—BURDETTE.

Men of letters—Postmen.

Rooted sorrow—An aching tooth.

A bad debt—The owing of a grudge.

When is a boat like snow?—When she is adrift.

Persons who can take a man down—Reporters.

Articles of wide spread popularity—Umbrellas.

Facts that are constantly coming to light—Matches.

The first lesson in drawing — Drawing your breath.

We desire to be underrated only by the tax collector.

An expedition to the pole—Looking for a barber's shop.

A good way to get into a scrape is to shave with a dull razor.

Direction to stranger in the country: "It's about two looks from here."

An up-country town is proud of a female blacksmith. We presume she began by shoeing hens.

Some of the milkmen hang pails of milk down the well to keep the milk cool. Some of them use too much rope.

A fashionable new color is called "baby squaller." If it is that kind of a shade, why don't they save language and call it yeller?

Magistrate: "What is your name?" Vagrant: "That shows you are a green hand at the business. All your predecessors knew my name."

Preacher Talmage declares that there is no sickness in heaven. Isn't this a rather underhanded way of saying that there are no doctors in heaven?

"Johnny," said the minister, rather severely, "do you chew tobacco?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply; "but I'm clean out of it now. Jimmy Brown's got some, though."

An old story. Father of fair one: "We close up here at 10 o'clock." Brass-headed beau: "That's a good idea. It keeps fellows out who don't know enough to get inside earlier."

"It is love that makes the world go round," we are informed by the poets. It is a somewhat notable fact that a limited quantity of poor whiskey will produce the same effect.

"Oh, dear!" said a young lady, "how much I miss my poor dear mother! Why, it appears to me I can see her now, just as she used to sit at the breakfast table, reaching out for the best potato."

A Nebraska exchange says that an enterprising citizen could make a fortune tanning the hides of the giant mosquitoes in the Fremont bottoms and polishing their bills for umbrella handles.

"In case of an accident, doctor—a broken leg, for instance—what is best to be done while waiting for the physician?" "Well," said the doctor, "I think the best thing to be done is to get his money ready for him."

The worst case of absence of mind we ever read of was that described in an exchange the other day, when a man, hurrying for a train, thought he had forgotten his watch at home, and took it out to see if he had time to go back for it.

We like a girl who looks at the bright side of things. Miss Mumford wished to console a friend of hers who had become engaged, somewhat against her own will, to a man with only one toe. "Just think, my dear," said Miss M., "how soon you will be able to run him up a pair of slippers!"

"I deeply regret it, sir, but honor and my altered circumstances compel me to release your daughter from her engagement. I cannot enter your family a beggar. In the recent deal in the North End stocks I lost my entire fortune." "Not another word, my dear boy, not another word; I got it."

A railway conductor combats the cruel hallucination that the coming generation of his countrymen will be puny, sickly and played out. His experience of many years convinces him that the contrary is the case, and that the average child of "under twelve" who travels with a half-fare ticket is as large as a boy or girl of sixteen used to be in ante-railroad days.

Guibollard and his two friends, Cabassol and Mitoufiet, agreed to dine together at St. Germain, outside of Paris. Guibollard and Cabassol kept the appointment, but Mitoufiet turned up missing. The two friends, in consequence, dined alone. After dinner they were enjoying their cigars and feasting their eyes on the delicious view on the terrace. "Ah!" exclaimed Guibollard, in a burst of enthusiasm, "if Mitoufiet were only here how he would regret that he didn't come!"

GUNPOWDER.

Gunpowder is a compound of nitre, or saltpetre, charcoal and sulphur. It is somewhat difficult to give such a description of the necessary operations in making gunpowder as will be clear to the general reader.

The following is an outline of the process: The ingredients are refined and pulverized. Then each particle of ingredient is brought into close contact with the others; the pulverized materials are mixed in a rolling barrel, and then ground under heavy cast-iron wheels following each other in a circular cast-iron trough.

The mass is compressed to give it the necessary density and strength to resist the shocks of transportation; the fragments of the cake as they come from the wheel-mill are broken down under rollers, and then spread out into layers about four inches thick, and separated by brass plates: these are brought under a powerful hydraulic press, which compresses the layers to a thickness of an inch.

For the purpose of increasing and regulating the combustion, graining follows. This consists of breaking up the compressed cake into small fragments or grains; then the grains are rolled in a barrel for a certain length of time, and this operation is called glazing.

The moisture which has been introduced at the various stages of manufacture is dried out by spreading out the powder on shelves in a room heated by steam to a temperature of 140° to 180° Fahrenheit.

The last step is the dusting, which removes the fine grains and dust, which would otherwise fill up the interstices and retard inflammation, and this is done by means of fine sieves and bolting-cloths.

In regard to the first step, the refining and pulverizing, it may be said that the charcoal and sulphur are broken up in mills made for the purpose, and that the nitre is usually sufficiently pulverized when it comes from the refinery.

The charcoal is pulverized by rolling it in cast-iron barrels with zinc balls, and much the same method is used with the sulphur, except that the barrel is a leather one stretched on a wooden frame.

The nitre comes chiefly from the East Indies; the charcoal is obtained by distilling the lighter kinds of wood in iron retorts, and the sulphur comes principally from Sicily.

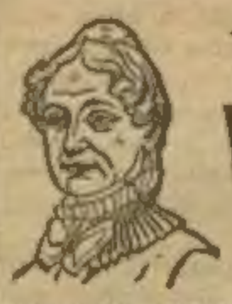
ADULTERATED JAMS.—According to the correspondent of a trade journal, it is a mistake to suppose that fruit is absolutely necessary to the manufacture of preserves. He describes a visit to a large jam-producing factory, in which he found that the work was being bravely carried on without the aid of fruit at all.

Jams of various kinds were being produced before his eyes — currant, plum, apricot, strawberry, raspberry and gooseberry. Yet neither currant, plum, apricot, strawberry, raspberry or gooseberry was in the building. Turnips served the purposes of the fruit. The flavoring matter was extracted from coal-tar, and the resemblance to strawberry and raspberry jam was further produced by mixing the boiling compound with small seeds from some cheap innocuous herb. A common form of sugar is used, and this is the only honest ingredient in the mess. These preserves are offered as made from "this season's fruit."

UNINTENTIONAL FUN.—"English as She is Taught," according to Mark Twain, is a quaint study. The humorist has collected a number of answers which are said to have been given by children to their examination papers. According to the author of "The Jumping Frog," a boy defined a Republican as "a sinner mentioned in the Bible;" and in answer to the question what a demagogue was, a future citizen of the United States replied, "a vessel containing beer and other liquids." Another ingenious scholar defined a circle as "a round straight line with a hole in the middle." In another examination paper it was stated that "George Elliot left a wife and child, who mourned greatly for his genius." Perhaps the gem of the whole series, however, was the assertion that the science "Physiliogigy is to study about your bones, mamuiuck, and vertebry; it teaches, for instance, that the gastric juice keeps the bones from creaking.

THERE is one in the world who feels, for him who is sad, a keener pang than he feels for himself; there is one to whom reflected joy is better than that which comes direct; there is one who rejoices in another's honor more than in any which is one's own; there is one on whom another's transcendent excellence sheds no beam but that of delight; there is one who hides another's infirmities more faithfully than one's own; there is one who loses all sense of self in the sentiment of kindness, tenderness, and devotion to another;—that one is woman.

"OH mother, what do you think," remarked the schoolgirl, "our minister has an anuanuensis." "You don't say!" replied the old lady with much concern. "Is he doctorin' for it?"



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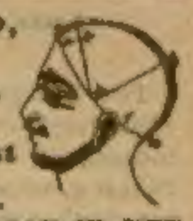

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No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

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Agents make $5 a day with Photo Chromes. Cheapest in U. S. Particulars free. FOSTER & MARK, Cincinnati, O. ALBUMS

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TO PLAY MUSIC
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This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL, WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

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and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Latest Fashion Phases.

The foreign fashion journals are filled with very pretty gowns of the latest modes; indeed, of the newest Parisian cut and draping, which are sure to head the fashion for another season at least.

A new poult de soie, a combination of dove and peacock, was new in coloring and quite original in make. The front of the skirt was of the dove silk, the breadths crossing and showing the peacock underskirt only when the wearer moved. They were bordered with steel galloon on a canvas foundation, threaded with gold. The back was peacock, and falling over the ordinary breadth was a loose one lined with the dove, quite unattached, giving a most graceful flow to the skirt. The bodice had bouffant revers of greenish-blue tone.

Another good French model was of the new dark tone of rose du Barri, the whole skirt draped in one piece, so that the folds fell sometimes straight, sometimes diagonally. This also opened diagonally on one side to show some beautiful guipure lace, cream over cream, the patterns accentuated by a thick standing cordonnet. It almost covered the front, and carried out the idea of inwrapping the figure. The bodice formed a long jacket, draped at the back, fastening in points to strap in front so as to show well a wide, important jabot of the same lace.

Black lace is still much the fashion for dresses, and one of the newest kinds is the Marguerite, the fortunate manufacturer of which realized a considerable sum.

The pattern consists of graduated Marguerite blossoms in perpendicular lines; it is well wrought, fine and silky. This lace is draped over black, but the necessary touches of color are given by three bands of ribbon carried beneath the lace across the front, forming points on one side and bows on the other.

The new Gobelines blue had been chosen, and the stylish bodice had a V-shaped piece of velvet of the same tone introduced back and front, with ribbon velvet braces covered with lace; a high-standing collar of the velvet, and sleeves, with trimmings of lace on the outside, and a sort of cap to the elbow formed of the black lace.

Sleeves are wonderfully improved and much more becoming than those of last season. A particularly pretty style appeared on a dinner gown; it came to the elbow with revers of embroidery inside the arm; outside there fell a graceful rounded lappet piece of lace and ribbon, which, throwing the arm in shadow, gave it much rounded grace.

This gown, which was of the vieux rose tone, was remarkable for a distinct train, and slanted at the end so as to form a point. It had a panel of magnificent embroidery, row upon row of metallic guipure, bordered with pea-sized beads, each row of a different metallic tinge.

In this weather red seems a hot color to be worn, and yet there is hardly a toilet in which red does not play its part. A gray dress is relieved by a red hat or bonnet, with a red parasol.

There are some charming French gowns which are notable for three goffered flounces at the hem, replacing the ordinary kilting, and the drapery, which forms folds at the waist, being very closely stitched down.

The cotton dresses are now noted for their simple, good style. Ecru and red stripes are much worn, and the skirts are made with broad box-plaits over foundations well-petticoated beneath, in which lies half the secret of their good appearance.

To the uninitiated the skirts of the day might have no foundation at all; but this is far from being the case; there are plenty of plaitings and underplaitings which keep them well in form.

Checks require much cleverness in arrangement. A blue and white checked cotton, with standing tufts on the surface, was draped in such a way that all the checks fell diagonally.

Stone and blue form a happy mixture which finds favor now, and some pretty dresses in stripes of that tone are to be seen in most fashionable gatherings.

Silk and wool, velvet and wool, and solid woolen are all used by French dressmakers for church and promenade dress. Elaborate passementerie trimmings are seen on many of the new dresses; these trimmings are longer than any before imported, and they match the color of the dress.

A stylish cashmere dress of heliotrope plaid in huge blocks of broken lines was combined with plain cashmere. Reversing the usual order, the plaid was used in the basque and full long drapery, while the skirt was of plain goods laid in large side plaits. A long slender point of silk cord passementerie extended from the collar to the waist at the back, and a similar point formed the rest. Large passementerie ornaments with many hanging cords were placed on the underskirt to form a panel where the drapery parted.

A stylish dress of that purplish shade of cashmere called crushed strawberry was trimmed with a fancy striped silk of moire and satin. Brown wool, combined with a brocade of old rose, was still another pretty costume.

The French tailor dresses are quite elaborately embroidered with lines of feather-stitching in white silk on brown or blue cloth. The edge of the overskirt is finished in this way: The underskirt and sometimes a line of feather-stitching is placed up the dart seams. The bodice is then finished with a shirt vest of white surah extending from the collar to the waist line, or with a short vest reaching only to the top of the darts, and finished by a square of dark velvet the shade of the dress.

Irregularity is a feature of all the French draperies, which, while they are very full and long, are very eccentric; the two materials used in the costumes are so woven together by the dressmaker's fancy, that no two dresses seem to be alike.

Costumes of black Chantilly and the less expensive Spanish and French laces are extensively used over inexpensive satin, either black or heliotrope.

White lace dresses over heliotrope are also shown; these are looped up with long clusters of heliotrope ribbon and finished with peasant waists of heliotrope satin, full lace guimpe and lace sleeves.

Cool, fresh, airy, white muslins, embroidered or lace-trimmed, hold the first rank for young girls, and are worn with straw hats of every conceivable shape, from the plain sailor to the varieties of high crowned hats, black and colored, and to the more fanciful large hats trimmed with huge bows and bunches of flowers.

Pink cottons, blue cottons and mauve cottons are also much to the fore, but these dresses must be well and stylishly made, and pointed or jacket bodices are more to be seen than banded bodices.

Even with cottons the prevailing taste for waistcoats appear, and they are made of white pique or of soft silk or lace, and look pretty and dressy.

In tailor-made dresses gray is still the favorite color, often combined with faint lines or checks of other shades, while among older ladies silk is more worn than of late years, and thick-ribbed silk, almost resembling poplin and moire, are also popular, alone and mixed with other materials. Velvet, too, is not discarded, even with the thermometer over 90 degrees.

Mantles are but little worn, small capes trimmed with jet, which sparkles in the sun, being the only form of outdoor covering seen. Mantles are sometimes worn when driving.

Ribbons of every sort are popular, and are really beautiful. They have quite taken the place of feathers and flowers.

Parasols are often made of the same materials as the dress, specially when the dress is a wash one, but white parasols are much seen, all trimmed elaborately with lace, and the red parasols are still fashionable, and form bright bits of color in a crowd.

A number of beautiful tea-gowns are being made. The colorings are so exquisite that they mingle well with those shades now worn without any suspicion of oversmartness. They are copied from Japanese gowns, and you never by any chance import anything from Japan that sins against good taste.

There is a wide choice in silk and crepe, and hardly any two colors are alike. In London there is every opportunity of judging what their merits are, as the attendants wear them in stores in order to show how they look in Japan. The dressmakers, however, use the scissors ruthlessly, and the narrow garments which fair Japanese dames consider the height of the mode make hardly more than the front of a European garment, but it is unrivaled in its peculiar beauty.

Odds and Ends.

BREAKFAST FOOD—DESSERT.

Over and over again we see advocated the use of oat meal. For breakfast and supper, what a stay and support to life is good porridge! Not over-long boiled, however, and made of a medium oat-meal, and eaten with butter, or milk, or both.

Oat cakes again—not the horrid imitation they sell at the confectioners'—but wholesome, home-griddled cakes, with nothing in them but oat-meal and salt and a pinch of soda are excellent.

As to flour bread we are, of course, firm believers in the whole-meal bread, in which there is more nutriment and less binding qualities. Bread should never be eaten new. It should be a day old at least. Even toast ought to be made from stale bread. Toast should be thin and allowed to cool, if for breakfast.

Here is our receipt: Cut the slices from a loaf a day old, with a strong, sharp knife, let the slices be one inch thick or more. Toast them slowly, then butter abundantly, pricking the surface with the knife's point that the butter may run well in. Crush the edges of the toast with the back of the knife, sprinkle a little salt over the surface and eat while hot.

But, independent of oat-meal and flour, there are many valuable farinaceous foods which are, unhappily for our population, made to take a back seat in the scale of diet. Lentils, peas, beans, and maize are among the number.

If those who suffer from dyspepsia could only be got firmly to believe, that frequent change of diet is most essential to well-being, and believing this, were to give these farins a fair trial, thousands among them would be restored to health and be dyspeptics no longer.

There was a pamphlet written some years ago, called "One Hundred Ways to Cook Egg." We have no idea what these hundred ways were, nor even a tenth of them, but as eggs are so very nutritious and easily digested, dyspeptics would do well to learn some of the many methods of rendering them palatable.

The question, "what to have for dessert," is one that often worries the person who has the ordering or preparing of the dinner for the family.

One wearies of the pies and pudding she has seen and eaten since childhood, be they never so good, and gladly accepts something new, simple, inexpensive, easily made. Such the following will prove to you:

Take one ounce of gelatine, cover with one cup of cold water, and swell for one hour; then over it pour one pint of boiling water flavored with lemon juice, adding one cup of sugar. Just bring to a boil, and pour into a bowl to cool. Now make a boiled custard of one pint of milk, three yolks of eggs, three spoonsful of sugar, a little salt. Flavor with one spoonful of vanilla, and put to cool. When both jelly and custard are cold, and just before dinner, cut up the jelly into dice, pile in the centre of a large platter, and pour the custard around it. Now beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth; drop half of it, in spoonfuls, around upon the custard at regular distances. Color the other half of the froth with a few drops of cochineal, and drop alternated with the white. Green and white also make a beautiful dish. One can, by a little ingenuity, make a great variety of dishes out of the above materials, by disposing them in different ways, colors and flavors.

A very simple dessert, and very quickly made, is boiled custard poured (cold) over bananas, cut up, or peaches, cut up, alternating the fruit with slices of delicate cake.

Another nice dessert is made of apples. Select large, fair, sweet apples; pare and core them, and put in a large porcelain kettle just enough of the fruit to cover the bottom of the kettle, set closely together, with just a few spoonfuls of water. Fill the centre of the apples with sugar, cover closely, and allow to steam and simmer till the apples are soft, yet fully retaining their shape. Now remove them to a glass dish, piling them up in pyramid form. Boil the syrup remaining in the kettle, adding a small piece of butter, and a little more sugar, if required. Add a few drops of lemon flavor, and when cold pour over the pyramid of apples. Or add vanilla to the syrup, and scatter shreds of lemon peel over the apples. Or, bring the whites of two eggs to a froth, color and flavor it, and pour over the apples.

LODGER to chambermaid—"Mary, this is the stillest house I ever was in. The landlord and his wife must live like angels in heaven together; I haven't heard one single sound since I've been here." "That's all very nice just now, Mr. Smith, but wait till they make friends again. They quarrelled a fortnight ago, and they haven't spoken to each other since."

IN 1830 Domenico Cali, a butcher in Calabria, was sent to prison for murder, having killed four of his fellow prisoners. From time to time his term had been renewed without break until he had remained a prisoner fifty-seven years. About two weeks ago he was released, in his eighty-third year.

Confidential Correspondents.

E. W. M.—We do not know what book you mean.

LIZZIE.—We greatly sympathize with you in your unpleasant position.

STICKLEBACK.—The "powder monkey" is a boy who carries cartridges from the magazine to the guns in ships of war.

NOOSE.—It would be better to obtain the size of the lady's finger and select the ring yourself. The stone and setting must depend upon the amount you wish to spend.

E. B. MORRIS.—The origin of the term "Star-spangled banner" dates from the year 1812, the morning after the British attack on Fort M'Henry, at Baltimore.

HIAWATHA.—Claude Duval was a famous robber and highwayman, "who was executed at Tyburn, London," says an ancient historian, quaintly, "to the great grief of the women," in January, 1670.

WIDOW.—Do not heed any venomous tittle-tattle about your daughter's suitor. Keep your eye on him, and never mind gossip, but judge for yourself. The scandal-mongers are probably jealous.

BROAD-AXE.—A masher is a dandy or fop—a man who thinks of nothing but dress and personal appearance. The class generally affect a contemptible effeminacy of manners and speech. They have existed in all times under different names.

SWEETS.—We think that "hokey-pokey" is the cheapest kind of ice cream; corn starch being used as a thickening medium instead of cream and eggs. For cheap water ices, gelatine—the kind known in the trade as soup strengthener—is used to give solidity.

J. M. H.—The Siamese twins were born in 1811 and died in 1874. Barnum got them in 1853, and they remained with him until 1863. Chang died first, during the night. When Eng awoke, and found his brother dead, it is supposed the fright and consequent nervous shock caused his death.

ANXIOUS.—Freethinkers do not feel themselves bound to believe all that Divine revelation teaches and all the doctrines of the Christian religion, nor the special interpretations of any branch of the Christian Church. The name they assume exactly describes their position. "How can two walk together except they be agreed?"

MERARD.—You cannot go on wasting time. The man treats you as if you were a fool, and your conduct invites his carelessness. Presently you will find yourself deserted and wretched. Assert yourself like a rational woman, put away your weakness. You are not a doll, and you must dismiss your untruthful admirer if he ever commits himself again. Show your contempt for lies, and you may cure him.

KNOCKER.—Modesty in offering criticism is always wise, and we should advise you to study the subject of atmospheric phenomena before dogmatising upon it. "First the flash of lightning, which is accompanied by thunder, arising from the vibration of the powerfully-agitated air," says a late authority. Thunder is heard after the flash, because sound travels at a much slower rate than light.

COQUELIN.—Marcus Curtius was a Roman patrician, more or less mythical, who leapt down on horseback, in full armor, into a gulf which had suddenly opened in the Forum, because the augurs declared it would never close again till Rome had thrown into it her most precious possession. Curtius had the vanity to interpret this remark as applying to her brave sons, and to include himself conspicuously among the latter body. Whether he ever did it or not, he has since been used by many orators to point a moral and adorn a tale.

BLAME.—You have nothing to do with your parents' conduct; your life is your own, and you have no need to make yourself miserable. The original wrong has been as far as possible repaired; and your plan now is to keep quiet and never mourn over an unpleasant business which cannot be mended. Many men and women in your position earn respect from the world. People are more charitable than you think, and the very fact of the secret having been kept from you for twenty-two years should teach you a useful lesson.

INNOCENCE.—Astolpho is one of the characters in Ariosto's Orlando Furioso. He was a cousin to Orlando; his father was Otho, and he was a great boaster, but generous, handsome, and gay. He was carried to Alcina's Isle on the back of a whale, and she changed him into a myrtle tree, but Melissa disenchanted him. He then descended into the infernal regions, and also went to the moon to cure Orlando of his madness by bringing back his lost wits in a phial. The fairy Logistilla gave Astolpho a book to guide him always aright on his journeys, and a horn which so alarmed the man or beast that heard it they fell easy captives to his prowess.

COOPER.—The newspaper letter which has afflicted you with a sense of mystery refers to the question of bi-metallism, which is one of great abstruseness. In England only one metal—viz. gold—is employed as the standard of value, and consequently this is the sole legal tender for sums above £10, silver only being legal tender for sums above 2s. and under £10. In the United States, France, and in various other countries, the bi-metallic system prevails, under which the national Mint has to coin both gold and silver at a fixed ratio between the two metals; and unless there is special agreement to the contrary, debts may be legally discharged in either of the metals thus coined.

FRANCIS.—The Shakers are the oldest communistic sect in America. They designate themselves "The Millennial Church," or "The United Society of Believers." It was founded by Ann Lee, a blacksmith's daughter, born at Manchester (England) in 1736, and some agitation having arisen among the Quakers, to which sect she belonged, she came to America, after having been in gaol for street obstruction and having pretended to be endowed with divine authority above her fellows. She obtained many followers from the Baptists, and "Elder" James Wittaker succeeded her at her death in 1784, under whose regime their first chapel was built. Their religious dogmas are of a strange kind, the chief being that the foundress was the spouse of the Son of God; that the religious history of man is divided into four cycles, the last commencing with Ann Lee. They deny the resurrection of the body and the Atonement, and they hold community of goods, celibacy, non-resistance, separate government, and power over physical disease. Their religious services consist in singing hymns and a peculiar shuffling dance.